4 THE

# Bloody Duke:

OR, THE

ADVENTURES for a CROWN.

A

# Tragi-Comedy,

As it was Acted at the COURT at *ALBA REGALIS*,

By several Persons of Great Quality.

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Written by the Author of the Abdicated Prince.

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*Justice requires an eternal Mark of Infamy on the Perpetrators of certain Villanies of the last Reigns.* See the *New Observator*, Vol. 2. Numb. 6.

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# Bloody Duke:

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[illegible]

# THE PREFACE.

THE very Title to these Ensuing Sheets seems so clearly to express the Author's Design in them, that Use alone, rather than any Necessity, seems to extort this from him: For though the Instruction of the meanest Protestant Christian in Hungary, was greatly the Author's scope and intent, yet the terrible Impressions left in the Two last Reigns, even upon all Degrees and Qualities, remain yet so fresh and lively, that any one that would take the pains to read Three or Four of the First Pages, would readily believe any Explanatory Preamble; needless 'tis therefore to satisfie the Nicety or Prejudice, that some Persons may conceive, from the Author's too boldly, and too publickly intruding into the Cabinets of Princes, that this small Apology is prefixt: In order to this, the Author Solemnly here Declares, That the Lashing and Exploding the Crimes and Villanies publickly, and most under a seeming Form of Law and Justice, committed in the Two late Reigns, rather then exposing any particular Persons, was his chief Aim and Design; and that since, Works of this Nature, could not be done, without the using some Fictitious Names of Persons, whereon to fix his Characters, He thinks He may justly decline, any Blame ensuing thereupon, since they alone can justly pretend to be affronted, whose Consciences too clearly convince them of the Truth of these Relations: The Truth I say, which by the Authentick Testimony, as well as Experience of many Grave Persons, has often, already, though in another Method, been asserted and exprest: And although in one thing especially, viz. in his representing the King Poysoned, He will not be so Obstinate, as to confess he hath Demonstration for it, yet the common Fame of it remaining amongst us, almost without Contradiction, even to this very Day, may in some measure be excused, as the Foundation of a very plausible Argument, in a Work especially of this kind: Another Observation is too Obvious to him; Why a Person of so unpolite a Stile, and perhaps not truly verst in a regular Connection of Things, would venture upon a Work which ought to have been left to the Elaborate Pens of some more Experienc'd Author. To this he Answers, That being to play the Historian, rather than the Orator, to Instruct with Truth, rather than to Amuse with Flourishes; to undeceive the Commonalty (so often led aside by the crafty Insinuations of the Witty) and to bring in Parallel the happy State of Hungary, under the present Government; with its deplorable Condition under the Two last Reigns, he thought this stile and manner more suitable to his Designs, and their Advantages; desiring them to read with an Impartial Judgment, the following Sheets; and promising to submit to the acknowledgment of any Errors, such a Judgment shall at any time Convict and Confute him.

# The Actors Names.

## The *MEN.*

*Androgynes* King of *Hungary*, a Mild, good Natur'd Prince, but exceſſively given to his Pleaſures.

*Caligula*, his Brother; a Bloody, Malicious, aud Deſigning Man.

Count *Paulbrough*, } The Duke's Confidents.
*Le Talbo*, }

*Intriguo*, the Duke's Secretary.

*Damaſippus*, a wiſe grave Prince, near Kinſman to the King, and a great Friend to the Hungarians.

Count *d' Arlin*, Favourite of the King's, and Poyſoned by the Duke.

*Ariſtander*, a Wiſe, Pious, Nobleman, bur Murder'd by the Appointment of the Duke.

*Demophilus*, an Honeſt Tribune of the People, but Murdered by Order of the Duke.

*Nobbs*, a mercenary, buffoon Scribler, Creature of the Dukes, and ſet on by him, to invent ridiculous Storys, to amuſe the People, and take their Eyes off from marking his Deſigns.

*Remarquo*, an honeſt Hungarian, and a deep Obſerver of the Court Intrigues.

## *The Women.*

*Corinna*, Dutcheſs of *Portora*, a *French* inſinuating Jilt, Concubine to the King, but holds private Intrigues with the Duke.

*Leonora*, another of the King's Concubines, but in League with the Duke.

*Erone*, *Maid to Corinna.*

Guards, Cut-Throats, Knights of the Poſt, Rabble, Meſſengers and Jebuſites.

# The Bloody Duke:

OR

# The Adventures

FOR A

# CROWN.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Alba Regalis.*

*After several* Loud Shouts *and Acclamations of Joy, Enter the* Rabble, *with Torches in their Hands, and Faggots on their Shoulders, going to make* Bonfires.

1 *Rab.* COme Boys! come! we'le make the Fire before Alderman *Trueman's* door, he's an honest *Cavalier*.

2 *Rab.* Let him be as *true* as he will, we'le burn him for a *Roundhead*, without he gives us some Drink; believe me Neighbour, I am so scorch'd up with running and bawling, I am all

over as *dry as a Kix*, Heaven ſend ſome Fellow or other does not miſtake me for *a dry Billet*, and throw me on for Company.

3 *Rab.* The man's a Fool o' my Conſcience; do'ſt think we can want drink to day? There's a poſitive Order from the King to make us all as Drunk as Lords, that we may give God thanks for his happy Return to his Kingdoms.

4 *Rab.* Nay, I muſt needs ſay Neighbour, I always am moſt devout after a ſound Evenings Draught: But what Saints day do you call this?

5 *Rab.* Why man, doſt not know? 'Tis the Kings Birth and Return.

4 *Rab.* Indeed I never heard of that Saint before; but if he'le give us drink enough, he ſhall e'ne have my Prayers along with the reſt.

6 *Rab.* The truth on't is, I always thought your *drinking Saints* had the leaſt harm in them; ſo for my part, I'le go drink and pray as long as I can ſtand.

1 *Rab.* But hearke you me Neighbour, what did our King do when he was abroad in *ſtrange Countries?*

2 *Rab.* Do? Why what ſhould he do but learn Manners and Breeding! Oh he's the courteouſeſt Gentleman; if you did but ſee how he pulls off his Hat to the Ladies and *Gentlewomen* when he walks in the Park, or comes into the City. There's Alderman Softhead's Wife, and half a ſcore more, are in love with him ſo, they go conſtantly 3 or 4 times a Week to ſee him at Dinner, and the King always ſends ſome of his Nobles to ſee them home, and that's a *great Honour let me tell you*, to their Husbands.

5 *Rab.* Ay, ay, Neighbour, you may talk of Honour as you pleaſe, but I heard Alderman Doolittle ſay, there was no profit in it; for beſides the expence of entertaining theſe Gallants, whether theſe fine ſights do work on his Wives Fancy or no, I can't tell: But whereas he was not us'd to have a *Child once in four or five years*, he finds now he gets one or two every year.

6 *Rab.* Why truly Neighbour, ſince this Kings coming, I muſt needs ſay, they have a very *good Receipt at Court to help generation.*

*on.* I have heard ſome wiſe People ſay, his Highneſs is graciouſly reſolved to communicate it publickly to all his loving Subjects.

7 *Rab.* Nay, it will ſave our Citizens a great deal of Charge, and their Wives a great deal of trouble of going to the Waters.

1 *Rab.* Why don't you come away ho! you ſtand talking of *Water, Water,* and forget to make the Fire.

*Omnes.* Ay, come, come away to the Bonfire, the Bonfire, hallo Boys, hallo. [*Exeunt omnes.*

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## Scene II. *The Palace of St.* Jacques.

Enter *Caligula, Corinna, Leonora.*

*Cal.* THou muſt *Corinna* uſe thy utmoſt power,
Thou muſt not leave one charm about thee Idle:
All ſenſe of that which Fools call Modeſty;
All nice reluctancy, and forc'd complyance,
Muſt now be laid aſide; when ye retire
To unload the Treaſures of your *heap'd up Loves,*
Firſt throughly warm him with the *ſparkling Grape,*
Which will provoke, and *prompt* his backward Fancy.
Then, as thou ſeeſt his quickned Spirits move,
And with new life and eagerneſs to dance
Through all the windings of his well-fill'd Veins:
Then dear *Corinna* let it be thy Care
To exert thy univerſal Stock of charms;
Let the ſoft Lanquets of thy wiſhing Eyes
Seem to upbraid his want of *love and fondneſs:*
Then throw thy *ſnowy Arms* about his Neck,
And draw him gently to thy *panting boſom.*
Storm all his *Out-works* with thy balmy Lips,
And pour whole Vollies of *delicious* kiſſes;

Let him aſcend thy *Alablaſter* Hills,
And thence ſurvey thy pleaſant fruitful Valleys:
But when by eager haſt and heat of Travel,
He thirſts and ſeeks for thy *delicious Fountain*,
Then dear *Corinna*, then, capitulate;
His *Birthright* then he would not think too dear
To purchaſe one ſound draught of *cooling Love*.

*Enter* Remarquo *at a diſtance.*

*Co. My Lord*, you cannot ask what I'le deny,
Your Highneſs's Intereſt and mine bear ſuch relation,
*I but oblige my ſelf in ſerving you:*
But whence do all theſe Doubts and Scruples riſe,
Your fears of this ſame Bugbear *Sanhedrim?*
I have heard *Androgynes* in ſport and paſtime
Deride and Scoff at all their weak pretenſions;
'Tis true ill natur'd Cuſtom, he would ſay
*(The long-lov'd Idol of the heedleſs crowd)*
Has gave them liberty at his Command
To ſit, petition, beg, or to propoſe;
But ſtill the grant and ſanction lyes in him;
So that in reality 'tis but meer form,
Since all they do is vain and null without him.

*Rem.* Ha! the Duke here, and in private parly with his Brothers Miſtreſſes! well, he's an unconſcionable man, I'le ſay that for him; there's hardly a day goes but he *picks one Jewel or other out of his Crown*; and yet I'le be hang'd but he's bidding Money now underhand for his Whores, though o' my Conſcience, poor *Androgynes* had rather part with *that*, than *theſe*. Well, he's a mild good-natur'd Prince, but is ſo unfortunately taken up with theſe plaguy Women, that this Brother of his has all the *Adminiſtration* of affairs in his hands; and I am afraid graſps the Sceptre ſo faſt, that the King upon occaſion would find it a hard matter to wring it out of them. I know this *Caligula's* Nature to be Ambitious and Cruel, witneſs his early Intrigues

to

to ſupplant his Brother, even before his Reſtauration; and though by fatal experience to him, we know *Venus* has ſometimes the aſcendent over him too; yet thoſe ſerious whiſpers between him and theſe Ladies, ſeem to carry ſomething more ſolid and important than *bare Amour:* I muſt hearken. (*Remarquo* liſtens.)

*Cal.* 'Tis true indeed *Corinna*, if the power
(Which he by great *Prerogative* does claim)
Of Negative Compliance with their Votes
Could quaſh and ſilence all their hot Proceedings,
So as they never durſt attempt them more,
'Twere eaſie to induce *Androgynes*
To lend a careleſs Ear to their Propoſals;
But then, theſe Obſtinate *Hungarians*
(Like Eager Lovers at a weak Repulſe)
Preſs on with vigorous Addreſs and Zeal;
And like your ſturdy *Beggers* in a Road,
Seem to petition and implore your Alms,
But in ſuch ſurly manner do approach,
As ſhews their *reſolution* to obtain
By force, what otherwiſe you would refuſe.

*Leon.* I thought this Mungrel Brood of Sanhedrims,
Like Baſtard Race of Cocks, had only dar'd
To mount the Battlements of their own Dunghils,
And thence proclaim their cholerick Daſtard Threats;
But will they ſay you venture to draw out
And dare to face Royal Prerogative?
*Your Highneſs* muſt take care to have them cropt,
They may grow dangerous to your ſelf and us;
Name but the Methods, and leave us to manage;
I think *Androgynes* will ſcarce deny us.

*Enter* Count Paulbrough, le Talbo.

*Rem.* A delicate pert *Bona Roba* this; theſe Women have as *little Conſcience* as Lawyers, they'll take Fees I ſee, of *all ſides*: But who have we here? Oh! foh! I am ſick of the ſight of them; Here's

Here's *Paulbrough* and *le Talbo*, *Caligula's* two Confidents, and dignified with the Titles of his Pimp and his Butcher; the two Horse-leeches of the Court, the one ſucks up the Reputation, and the other the *Blood* of moſt of the honeſt People about it; like *Comets* they carry a malignant Influence and Aſpect, and are ominous and deſtructive to all that have to do with them; the one to ſhew that he had a Religion (*which was very much doubted*) became a Convert to *Paganiſm*, and out of Gratitude to his Maſter, *relinquiſhed his God*: The other's a Native Pagan of *Teagueland*, and conſequently a Villain by Birth; but wanting Improvement, was recommended to the Duke, who by the Gift of a caſt Whore, and a Colonel's Commiſſion, has qualified him for his Service; ſo that when *Poyſon or Poynard*, Halter or Piſtol are to be us'd, he's the Captain Commandant, and takes care of the buſineſs. There will be nothing worth the hearing now, and ſo farewel Duke. [*Exit* Remarq.

*Paulb.* Udsnouns, Sir, I beg your pardon for ſwearing; but by *Mahomet* if you don't take ſome ſpeedy courſe, we are all undone. [Caligula *and the Ladies ſtart.*]

*Cal.* Why, prithee *Paulbrough*, what's the matter?

*Le Tal.* Why, the Council has received Information of our Plot, and ſeem inclined unanimouſly to ſearch into the bottom of it.

*Cal.* This ſhall ſearch ſome of their Hearts firſt. (*He draws his Dagger.*)

*Le Tal. Intriguo* your Secretary, *like a Fool and a Villain*, has confeſs'd a great many Points to *Demophilus* the Tribune.

*Cal.* Who was his Accuſer?

*Paul.* That Villain Pertinax, who to the Council has laid the Minutes of our Conſults open; who have ſent their Orders for Impriſoning thoſe ſeveral Parties *Pertinax* accus'd,

*Cal.* Has he been bold to name our Royal Self?

*Paul.* The Villain bids Defiance to all Shame,
And points your Highneſs out as Principal!

*Cal.* Hell! Tortures! Death! *Le Talbo*, ſeek the Devil,
And force his Tongue to everlaſting ſilence;

Let

Let him no longer breath the open Air,
But ſtop his curſt blaſpheming Throat for ever;
Cut him to *Atoms* in the Face of day;
No time or place ſhall give the Fiend protection.
Oh Villain!

*Paul. Udsbud!* you make me ſwear again; your Highneſs, I hope, will lay aſide this Paſſion for a while; conſider firſt what's proper to be done, and then doubt not the Execution.

[*Caligula pauſes.*

*Cal.* This will put a plaguy ſtop to my former Deſigns; and I'm afraid I ſhall be obliged to change my *Meaſures*; and well if that will do too: This comes of Modeſty in the Devils Name; I have been gaping like a Ninny theſe twenty years, and vainly thought to have had *a Crown dropt into my Mouth!* and have hardly eat or ſlept with any ſatisfaction for thinking and dreaming of Revenge upon theſe *curſed Chriſtians*, and now at laſt am like to be fairly fitted; that is, with a Gibbet ſooner than a Scepter, a Scaffold than a Throne: The truth on't is, we have ſhewn 'em ſo many of our Experiments, that the Rogues have grown *induſtrious* upon it, and are like to take our Trade out of our Hands: A Body would have thought a Plot ſo cloſely laid, and ſo unanimouſly carry'd on, could never have faild; why, 'twill make our old Friend Beelzebub turn Bankrupt, his Invention's grown thred-bare, and we ſhall never be able to ſhew our Faces again; unleſs (*he pauſes and ſhrugs*) hold--- ha! by *Mahomet* a good Thought that! (*ſhrugs again and grins*) *Take off* Demophilus *in the Bud!* good! Diſſolve the Sanhedrim; good again: Diſgrace, that is, ſwear counter to Pertinax, beſt of all: ha, ha, ha---- Well, I ſee what it is to deal with *Devils of Honour*; they promis'd I ſhould be a King, and I find methinks by Inſpiration they'll be as good as their Words. Come my good Friends, come *Paulbrough* and *Le Talbo*, you are Men of Senſe, come, what Cure do you propoſe for theſe threatning Evils?

*Paul. Udsbud!* Cure Sir; nay, I believe my Diſtemper will not laſt long. Axes and Halters are *expert Phyſicians*, they'll quickly put me out of pain.

*Le*

*Le Tal.* The truth on't is, I have been contriving a Counter-Plot.

*Cal.* A Counter-Plot man! marry that would be to the purpose: prithee let's hear it.

*Tal.* Why I'le e'ne make haſt and run out of my Wits, and ſure they'le ne're have the Conſcience to ſuſpect a *madman for a Plotter*:

*Rem.* O' my Conſcience they'l ſuſpect none elſe. [*aſide*] 'Slife, would any but a mad-man like this *Paulborough*, that had a plentiful Fortune, and all things to his wiſh, that needed no Favours, and might have *fear'd no Frowns*, that had ſufficient attendance, and might be free from dependance, would any but a Mad-man, I ſay, after this have turned *Plotter*, and make Sale of his *Honour*, *his Eſtate*, *and his Conſcience*, to gain the poor returns of an *ill-grounded Friendſhip*, or at beſt, the careſſes of a very weak Prince, and *a more wicked man?* [*aſide.*

*Cal.* No, come *Le Talbo* fear nothing, I have a reſtorative Cordial for us all.

*Tal.* Nay, if your Highneſs brings us off this once, we ſhall make ſure work i'fack next time, or elſe I'le give them leave to make mummy of me.

*Cal.* Well then my Friends I'le tell you; I had been contriving with theſe Ladies how to perſuade *Androgynes* my Brother, to declare himſelf a Pagan, but this Diſcovery of our *Plot*, has alſo broke the Neck of that deſign for the preſent; ſo that I have reſolv'd on new meaſures, which nevertheleſs if they take, will have the ſame effect as the former.

*Paul.* Odsbud, your Highneſs revives me.

*Cal.* In the firſt place then, *Demophilus* muſt be taken off; which falls to your Lot *Le Talbo*, and to be done with ſpeed: if he lives to appear before the Sanhedrim we are all loſt.

*Tal.* If he be mortal, your Highneſs need not fear him; if ever he tell Tales it ſhall be in a *Viſion.*

*Cal.* His Papers I'le ſecure, they ſhall never riſe againſt us.

*Paul.* But this plaguy Sanhedrim, there is no way to ſecure them too?

*Cal.*

*Cal.* That, dear Cotinna must thy Province be;
Gain but that point, and we are bleſt for ever;
Religion, Intereſt, and Safety too:
Perſuade thy utmoſt vigilance and care;
Thou know'ſt their envious Malice to thy Self,
How they'd audaciouſly controul and check
That Bounty which my *Royal Brother* thinks
(As 'tis moſt true) too mean for thy great Merit.
Remember alſo what thou wilt deſerve
From our moſt Holy Prophet, if by thee
The numerous Lives of all our *truſty Pagans*
Shall be redeem'd, which by the craſty malice
Of this inſinuating Sanhedrim,
(If ſuffer'd to aſſemble and continue)
Will be expos'd, and made a Sacrifice:
Such is their bruitiſh Rage and Cruelty,
It juſtly may be fear'd; *(though Heaven forbid)*
Their baſe Deſigns may even extend *to thee*;
Thine therefore, dear Cotinna, be the Care
T' Addreſs *Androgynes* with Art and Zeal;
All that thy Fears or Danger can ſuggeſt,
All that *a Lover or a Friend* can urge,
All that for Intereſt and ſafety too
Can be produc'd, muſt be alledg'd; and you
Dear Leonora, muſt not idly ſtand,
If Love or Friendſhip for *Caligula*
Can add to all thy natural Eloquence,
Thou muſt exert it now, for now's the criſis
Of my ſucceeding Fortunes:
*Nor will I doubt, when you vouchſafe to bleſs,*
Caligula *will ever want Succeſs.*

*Leo.* Duty and Intereſt ſo well perſwade,
All other Reaſons might have well been ſpar'd;
*And think we go with pleaſure to obey,*
*When ſuch ſtrong Arguments do ſhew the way.* [*Exeunt* Cor. Leo.

*Cal.* Farewel, Dear Punks, [*aside.*] I'll be hang'd but they'll go near to quarrel who ſhall *oblige me moſt*: Well, I will reward them, I will be as juſt to them as they are to my Brother. Theſe *Court Ladies*, I find, ſtudy *Politicks* as much as *Amours*; Intereſt is their *grand Principle* I ſee, and therefore they'll reſolve to bow to the ſtrongeſt ſide: *Crafty Gypſies!* they find *Androgynes* ſtands upon *tickliſh* ground, his Rays grow ſhort and dim, ſo they naturally turn to the *Riſing Sun*. Well, I muſt cheriſh them till they have done my buſineſs, and then like an old Garment I'll throw 'em aſide. [*aside.*] Well now *Le Talbo*, there remains no more than to diſcredit *Pertinax*, and *ridicule* his Evidence, and then let them go whiſtle with their Plot. What think you, is my Invention good? My witty Brother with his fam'd Politicks will lag behind me perhaps.

*Paul.* Odſlife, if your Highneſs could teem but once in ſeven years to ſuch purpoſe as this, we might ſave the trouble of ſending to the Mufti or the Sorbonne for new projects: *Udsbud*, your Brother quoth a! well, I'll ſay nothing, but I always thought your Highneſs had a *fruitful* Brain.

*Cal.* Well Gentlemen, we muſt to our ſeveral Stations. *Le Talbo*, you have not many ſpare hours; *all Plots* muſt have time to grow and ripen, that at laſt they may pop out and be uſher'd in with as much ſeeming *natural conſequence* as the dropping of Mellow Fruit.

*Le Tal.* I ſhall preſent your Highneſs with a *Scheme* of my Meaſures by to morrow Night, and in ten days you may expect the Execution; and for Pertinax his buſineſs, I have a truſty Troop of *Myrmidons*, whoſe Forlorn Hope of *Mac's*, *Fitz's* and *Dermot's* (like the Giants at the Gates of Enchanted Caſtles) will frighten your puny Knight-Errants, call'd Juries, into a ready Compliance with their Allegations.

*Cal.* That's right, *Le Talbo*, I have a ſtrange love for thoſe *Myrmydons*, as you call them: If I had not a good opinion of my *Mother*, I ſhould miſtruſt one or other of them had a hand in my Generation; I do ſtrangely ſympathize with them in their Manners and Actions.

*Paul.*

*Paul.* Odsountikins, they may be very useful to your Majesty, both in the obtaining and keeping your Kingdoms; I always love to stick close to a King when he has a good Army at his Back; Sword and Pistol are *unanswerable Arguments*, if his Highness do but rightly apply them. [*aside.*

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* May it please your *Highness*, his Majesty requires your Presence in his Cabinet immediately.

*Cal.* What Company are with him?

*Mess.* Aristander, Demophilus, and one called Pertinax, just claim'd admittance upon weighty business.

*Cal.* Curse on their business!---but I'll interrupt them,
I'll try the Metal of their hardned Brows,
And like their Evil Genius, stare them into silence:
*Le Talbo* go, and mind the Grand Concern,
While I go quash these babling Fool's Pretensions.
Give your Attendance, Paulbrough, at Nine,
And then you may expect my further Orders. [Le Paulbrough, Talbo *bow, and exeunt simul.*

*Manet* Caligula *solus.*

*Cal.* Thus far Caligula, thou art safe and right,
All humane probability assures thee;
Thou hast laid a firm immovable Foundation,
Whereon to raise and build thy *future greatness*;
And now thou mayst with pleasure stand and gaze
And view the bulky product of thy Brain:
First by thy wily arts and stratagems
Thou hast deceiv'd and drawn *Androgynes*
To stand, and privately abett a Plot,
Chiefly design'd and aim'd against himself:
For though to propagate the Pagan Faith,
And Interest in the Realm of *Hungary*,
Be one main end of all thy Machinations;
Yet thy Ambition, prompted by Revenge,

Too plainly whispers to thy longing Heart,
That nothing but thy Brothers Life and Crown
Fill the desires of thy capacious Soul;
And though the rest may for the present please,
Yet these, and these alone compleat thy satisfaction:
Next draw the methods of thy well train'd thoughts,
Each necessary consequence that follows
Link after Link, as of a long wrought Chain,
To which at last the Diadem is fastned.
For first, suppose our Plot should not succeed,
As this Discovery does ill presage;
It serves however to surprize and raise
The wondring Spirits of the *clamorous Crowd*,
Who tho by heedless Passions being hurry'd,
Can never comprehend or reach the truth;
Yet will (*like Childrens Bug-bears*) from Idea's
Of monstrous, unaccountable Proceedings;
Then to keep up and heighten their just Fears,
I must prevail with *poor Androgynes*
Abruptly to Dissolve the Sanhedrim,
E're they can dive into the Mystery;
Thereby dividing equally between us
The Burthen of their *Doubts and Jealousies*,
And also cut that *Gordian* Knot of Love
Which long has kept him Monarch of their Hearts.
Thus by fomenting Heats and Jarrs between them,
I've time to con my long laid project over;
And when by my Encitements he has wrought
All that his Ease and Luxury durst venture,
Then, then's the Minute, dear *Caligula*, [*clapping himself on the*
Then, then to finish thy mysterious Projects; *Shoulder.*
Then by some gentle working Opiate
To lay his restive Soul in its eternal Slumber.
And surely after all this toil, 'tis just
Some suitable Reward attend thy merit.
*Crowns but too meanly recompense the pain;*
*Usurpers suffer e're they can obtain.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

ACT.

## ACT. II. SCENE I. *A Prison.*

*Enter* Intrigue, *Two Jebusites, and* Remarque *at a distance.*

*Int.* THIS plaguy *Demophilus* the Tribune, like a subtile Lurcher, trapann'd me out of my strong Hold, and between jest and earnest, decoy'd me into a *plain Confession* of all; if I were but secure of him, I'd no more care for Pertinax's Depositions, than for the *braying of an Ass.*

*Jeb.* The truth on't is, if he come in as a second Witness, it may be dangerous; but let me see; [*he pauses*] Our Society should not want an expedient upon a case of necessity, one would think.

*Rem.* No, o'my Conscience; if there be Halter, Dagger or Poyson to be got, you need not despair of healing a small Breach: What a complication of Villanies these Plotters are forc'd to engage in? like Thieves, who when they have rob'd a Man of his Mony, are many times *forc'd to cut his Throat* for fear of a Discovery. Ah poor *Demophilus!* there's an actum est of thee, I fear, and what is worse, I stand like one that from an adjacent Hill beholds a Shipwrack; yet the *boisterous Surges* bear so fierce and high, that I dare not attempt to save thee. (*aside.*

*Enter* Nobbs.

*N.* Your Servant, good Intrigue; what down in the Mouth Man? Come chear up, the *Duke* sent me to tell you, he'd take care to release you speedily: Good lack, if it were my case, how easily would I baffle that silly Rogue Pertinax! you shall see in a little time how I'll ridicule all his Depositions: E'gad I have a way with me, and let me tell you, that way shall make room for another way, till at last, mark you me, there shall be nothing in the way.

*Rem. What Buffoon have we got here!* Oh! cry a' mercy, this is the *State-Scribler*, and *Caligula*'s Journey-man Pamphleteer, the

*Paper-*

*Paper-Bully*, that would ſet Rules to other People, and obſerve none himſelf; that with ſome few Flowers of Rhetorick *plaiſters* over his Nonſenſe, and would ridicule the World into a valuable opinion of it; that for the ſake of a Penſion has forſworn telling truth, and was the firſt that ever made Lying a Profeſſion. (*aſide.*

*Int.* Come prithee Robbs, leave off jeaſting for once, and tell me, What does the World ſay of this Plot?

*N.* What Plot, Sir? what Plot? I tell you that in a little time I'll make it as plain as if I writ with a Sun-Beam, that there *was not*, is not, cannot, ſhall not be a Plot; and let me tell you, Sir, I'll do it ſo artificially, ſo ſmoothly, that *e'gad* Sir, though you be in it your ſelf, when you read my Deſcants upon it, you ſhall have much ado to believe it.

*Int.* I wiſh to *Mahomet* thou couldſt do this Feat before my Trial comes on, it would ſave me a great deal of Trouble in my Defence, and my Fears of a tender *conſcienc'd Jury.*

*N.* Oh Sir, no; the Plot muſt be in a manner prov'd firſt, or elſe you muſt know it would not be worth my while to confute it.

*Int.* Oh! Devil! prov'd quoth he! I am like to be finely fitted then, I ſhall hanged as round as a Hoop.

*N.* What ſignifies that, as long as I prove there was no *Plot* afterwards? That's the main Point.

*Int.* Thou haſt ſtruck a plaguy Damp upon me: His Words ſeem to be prophetick, and preſage ill to me. (*aſide.*

*Rem.* Though I cant ſuſpect the Mercenary *Jove* of telling truth, yet his Words were dark and ominous. (*aſide.*) Who knows but our good *Caligula*, out of Revenge for his Confeſſion, and a deſire to ſtop his Mouth for the future, may e'ne ſuffer him to be trip'd over, and ſo make ſure of one? I know his Cruelty and ingratitude will not let him ſtick at any thing that may ſeem to advance his Deſigns. (*aſide.*

*N.* Piſh, prithee *Intriguo*, thou art more a Man than to be diſgruntled at my Words; thou knoweſt 'tis my way, I make a Jeſt of every thing; I had once a deſign to ridicule the *Whole Duty*

*Duty of Man*, and *Practice of Piety*; and egad if I had gone on with it, I'd have made them as meer Banters as the *Seven Wise Masters*, or *Tom Thumb*.

*Int.* Why but *Nobbs*, we Pagans pretend to a little Conscience; Hast thou none at all?

*N.* Pugh! we Authors have no more Conscience than *Physicians or Lawyers*, we write for our Fee, and let the Causes justle as they please: There's only this peculiar Knowledge requisite in an *Author*, that is, to know *who and who's* together, and which side is uppermost. I have been tumbled to and fro, and tost'd up and down, yet still have been so happy as to light on my *feet like a Cat*: About forty years ago I was Fidler in Ordinary to the Usurper, and then took up with Ballads and small Sonnets in his Praise and Vindication; then when the King came in, I only *chang'd Masters*, and wiggled my self into the *News-Office*; and quickly perceiving how the World went, I fell a work on *Political Observations*, and by a sort of Jack-pudding Wit, peculiar to me, e'gad I made many a counterfeit piece of Sense pass for current Ingenuity.

*Rem. A very good Summary of his Life*; what a great deal of pains he has taken to prove himself a Fool and a Rake (*aside*

*Int.* Pray *Mahomet* I fall on my Feet, as you call it, for I am on a plaguy Precipice.

*N.* Oh! alas you need not fear, the Duke will remember you, you know he is always true to his Word: Well, I hope to see thee abroad very speedily, we must crack a Pint together; the worst on't is, thou wanst air here.

*Rem.* His Worship and you may have air enough one day; I am mistaken in my Politicks if I don't in time see you both hang in the open *Air*. (*aside.*

*Int.* Well honest Nobbs, thou must let me see thee sometimes, and in the mean time give my humble Duty to my Master *Caligula.*

*N.* I shall be your faithful Servant, and so farewel dear *Intrigo.* (*Exit* Nobbs.

*Jeb.* An excellent Fellow this for our purpose, he neither wants

wants Words nor Impudence, and those are two good Qualities to engage with *Plot Catchers*, Seignior *Intriguo*.

*Int.* Ay, as he said, when the Plot is half prov'd, or more, he will be a proper Man to amuse the World, and *banter* them into a disbelief of it; but in the mean time 'twill lie hard on me, if there be enough prov'd to condemn me; for if I be hang'd for a Rival of skill, you know it will be but little satisfaction to me whether it be proved or no afterwards.

*Jeb.* Oh but Seignior *Intriguo*, there's the Merit of the Cause, and the advantage of *Mother Church*, which ought to supersede all other Considerations whatever.

*Int.* Why truly Father, the *thought of an Halter* brings many Scruples into my Head; and upon a strict examination, I do not find that I have liv'd so much a Saint, as to have Courage to die a Martyr.

*Jeb.* By *Mahomet* this Fellows Cowardize will undo us and the Cause; Udslife! we must find some expedient to stop his tatling. (*aside.*

*Rem.* So, here's like to be more work; did you ever hear such unreasonable Devils? they grumble at the Fellow, because he scruples to hang out of complaisance. (*aside.*

*Jeb.* Prithee *Intriguo*, what needst thou fear? *Demophilus*, who is the greatest Evidence, will be taken off, the Duke has given Divers about it already, and we are preparing counter-Evidence to discredit *Pertinax*: Besides, if matters come to the worst, the Duke has a Pardon ready for you: All therefore that lies upon you is to be silent; for upon the least voluntary Discovery yo're a dead Man on all sides.

*Int. Well 'tis in vain to question and dispute*
*With them whose power and will are absolute:*
*I've serv'd my Master with a just regard,*
*'Tis left to Time to witness* my Reward. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

# ACT II.

## SCENE II. *An Antichamber.*

*Enter* King, Ariſtander, Paulbrough, Demophilus, Remarquo, *Attendants, &c.*

*King.* COme, pray my Lord, this is *a Day of joy,*
And ſhould be *wholly ſacrific'd to pleaſure.*
*A Day,* which like ſome lucky caſt at *Dice,*
Gave back with Intereſt all my loſt Dominions.
Has not the *meaneſt* of my Subjects leave
To *revel* and diſport themſelves to day
To drink, and to congratulate my *Return,*
And pay their Vows to Heaven for my Safety?
And can you grudge that I ſhould be partaker
Of Bleſſings, which alone ſeem pointed out
By bounteous Providence *for my Enjoyment?*
Come prethee, ceaſe this noiſe of *Plots and Tricks,*
Hatch'd only in the Brain of ſome *well-meaning Zealot,*
Who, to exert his love, has form'd Idea's
Of things he *vainly fears,* and all compos'd
Of diſſonant Improbabilities.

*Freſh, young, and hitherto untouch'd? ſayſt thou,* I'le be ready exactly at Six; have you got my Diſguiſe ready? [*he turns to* Paulbrough.] It makes a Crown plaguy heavy and uneaſie to have ſuch a *Company of Attendants* hanging at it continually.

*Paul.* Uds bodikins! ſhe's the deareſt *plump* Creature as ever your Majeſty ſaw; ſhe made my old blood trickle, trickle, like a Snow-ball in the Sun; I was at the hardeſt task in the World to keep *nature within bounds,* but only reſpect to your Majeſties wants went a great way with me.

*Rem.* His wants, quoth he! yes, his Majeſty wants a Miſtreſs, as a *rich Miſer* wants Mony; that is, he'le never be ſatisfy'd till

he has enjoy'd the **whole Set**; if he holds on for ſeven years longer, we ſhall have **a new ſtock of Nobles of his own begetting**, he'le quickly have a *Houſe of Peers* at leaſt to his own mind: and yet, poor Man, he has very bad Fortune in the choice of his *Ladies*; I'le be hang'd but this **fine thing** they talk of is ſome caſt Wench of this Lechers, and to ſave Charges, he recommends her to the King for preferment. Well! this King of our's, ſay what he will, muſt be a *Pagan* in his heart, he's ſuch a plaguy admirer of **Reliques**. But was ever Prince ſo beſotted and bigotted to Effeminacy and Pleaſures, as to neglect all the neceſſary and *weighty Affairs of this Kingdom*, nay, even the Safety of his Life, which is ſo evidently prov'd to be conſpir'd againſt by his **goody Mother the Duke**, to neglect all for that trifling Gugaw **Woman**! Heavens reform him!

*Ariſt.* If leſs than th' hazard of your Sacred Perſon
Together with the *Univerſal ruin*
Of our Religion, Laws, and Lives provok'd us
Now to implore your diligence and care
In time to quell this *many headed Monſter*,
Whoſe Jaws are ſtretch'd and ready to devour us,
We might be tax'd of importunity
And bold intruſion on your **Royal Secrets**;
But ſince 'tis prov'd the Net's already laid,
And waits but an unwary foot to tread it;
Since the whole Scheme of **Villanies unheard of**,
To *burn, deſtroy, and to depopulate*;
Since in the Hurry of this wiſh'd confuſion
'Tis plainly prov'd, and here demonſtrated,
**Your Royal Self** is ſingly pointed out
To fall an *undiſtinguiſh'd* Victim to their Rage,
Believe it the Effect of *duteous Zeal*,
When we thus beg your Majeſties Obſervance.
*Demophilus* can ſhew the Depoſitions. [*The King muſes.*

*Paul.* My Lord, theſe Arguments produc'd by you
May well be look'd upon as innocent,
Proceeding from your *well known Loyalty*;

But

But yet, my Lord, we ſhould advance with Prudence,
And not laſh out with Prejudice and Paſſion:
The proofs of this fam'd Plot produc'd, *are known*
*Even by the King to be both weak and frivolous.*

*Dem.* *Yes, yes*, the Proofs by him are too well known:
*Heaven grant I be not made a proof of it.* [*Aſide.*

*Paul.* The Evidence is mean and pitiful,
So much of *Raſcal* in his Looks appears,
It ſeems improbable, that men of ſenſe
(And Fools could n'ere pretend to manage it)
Would e're intruſt that Villain with the Secret.

*Dem.* My Lord, when Villanies, like theſe, are firſt projected,
Can we expect that Honeſty is pitch'd on
As a fit Quality for th'execution?
*Ruffians and Villains* are choſen out on purpoſe
As learn'd and knowing in theſe Deeds of Darkneſs:
Beſide, there's ſuch a *natural Complication*
Of black Deſigns alledg'd by *Pertinax*,
As is beyond the Art of Man to feign.
*Intriguo*'s Letters plainly do evince
The Mufti and the Pagans reſolutions
T'eradicate the Chriſtian Intereſt hence;
(Call'd by the Name of Northern Hereſie.)
His Letters will be read.

*Paul.* But thou ſhalt never
Live to produce them, or ſtand the Teſt againſt him.
And I ſhall give an account of your Friend's [*aſide.*
Civil Reflections upon my *Maſter*; the Duke will not be
Long in his Debt, I'le ſecure him. [*aſide.*

*Rem.* This Count *Paulbrough*'s muttering to himſelf does not bode well, I hope he has not the Art of Conjuring, though I think we need not fear his raiſing any thing worſe than himſelf.

*King.* The *Mufti* and *Caligula*'s Deſigns
To advance the Pagan Intereſt in my Kingdoms
I partly gueſs, and eaſily believe;

And if without the hazard of my Pleasures
(As hath been promis'd) it were brought about,
I should not care to wink at their Endeavours:
Nay, I already have indulg'd them so,
That they have shar'd my Favours to the Publick,
And undisturb'd, have liv'd with equal freedom;
And sure their *black Ingratitude* could never,
After these gracious Condescensions,
Leave them so destitute of all *good Morals*,
So base, ungenerous, and perjur'd too,
As to conspire and plot my Death and Ruin?
My Brother too! It cannot be!----- [*The King muses again.*

*Paul.* Udsountikins! what can be the meaning of this *musing* and *thinking?* I have heard the Duke my Master say, he had rather have to do with half an hundred jolly, *smirking*, plump Fellows, than with *one pale-fac'd lean plodding* Mortal, they are always hatching Mischief, with a plague to 'em; this Rule may hold (saving in his Majesties Presence) now, for ought I know; His Highness looks very demure, I must find out a way to break the Charm: [*aside.*

[*He goes to the Door awhile, and comes running in again with a Paper in his hand, and whispers the King.*]

*Sir! Sir! your Majesty* does not consider the time's past, and the dear little Angel has been expecting us with impatience. Well! 'tis a rare thing to be King, they need not stand whining and pining for love, 'tis but look and like and the Business is done.

*King.* Then she's a dear coming thing, *Paulbrough*; 'tis true, I hate a formal siege, where a body must waste good part of ones Ammunition before one can gain the Fort; I am clearly for one vigorous Assault, and love that my Enemy should trust my Generosity, and Surrender at Discretion. Well, *Aristander* and *Demophilus*, we commend your Loyal Care, and will consider of your Address. Come, lead the way *Paulbrough*.

[*Exeunt* King, Paulbrough, Aristander, Demophilus, *Attendants*; *manet* Remarquo *solus*.

Remar-

Remarquo *ſolus.*

*Rem.* How this old Serpent *Paulbrough* tempts the good eaſie *natur'd Prince*; he know's his weak ſide, and wo'nt give him a minutes time to recall an Errour. Here's *plotting* and *counter-plotting* of all hands, but Heaven knows on whom the Burthen will light! This Duke of ours is as buſie as a Bee in Spring, though o'my Conſcience he makes more Gall than Honey; he has ſome dark deep deſign on foot, which I muſt watch and unravel. Well, though his *Brother* be not over-cordial in his Affections to his People, yet of two Evils the leaſt is to be choſen.

*Time may perhaps mend and reclaim the firſt,*
*But under This we are for ever Curſt.* *Exit* Rem.

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## Scene III. *The Queens Palace.*

Enter *Le Talbo* and three Cut-throats.

*Tal.* LOok ye here *Gentlemen*, I always took ye for the Dukes very good Friends, and I can aſſure you, he ſpeaks very kindly of you.

1 *Cut.* Nay, I muſt needs ſay he is a very good *Pay-maſter*, I have been Cut-throat in Ordinary to him theſe many years, and I cannot ſay he ows me a farthing: Let the World ſay what they will, I'le e'ne praiſe the *Bridge* I go over.

2 *Cut.* Nay, nay, I know his *Highneſs* as well as you, I had bargain'd with him about a ſmall Job once, but things did not hit, ſo we were forc'd to give it over. But pray Sir, let us know how many there are to be *diſpatch'd?*

*Tal.* Why, truly Sirs, you will have more work than you can turn your hands to in a little time; but at preſent I think one will do our Buſineſs.

*Omnes.* But One! [*They ſhrug and ſcratch.*

3 *Cut.* I hop'd we ſhould have had every one his man at leaſt.

Good

Good lack! all this plotting and but *one Throat to be cut!* Brother, we muſt ask high, or we ſhall never be able to live at this rate: *(aſide.)* Pray Sir, is he old or young? for there is a great difference in *Throats*, and we muſt proportion our Wages according to the Difficulty of the Work: Oh! there are ſome Throats as tough as *Whit-leather.*

*Tal.* Theſe are pure Rogues indeed, they talk as formally of cutting *Throats* as if they had a Charter for their Profeſſion; 'tis a Regular Vocation with them: *(aſide.)* I'le tell you Sirs in ſhort, there is a diminutive *old paultry Fellow*, whom for no leſs Conſiderations than conſpiring againſt the Dukes Life and Honour, and endeavouring to render the honeſt *Pagans of Hungary* Traitours, horrid Traitours, and Plotters againſt the King's Life and his Highneſs, I would willingly have *decently* laid aſide.

1 *Cut.* Ay, all the reaſon in the World, my very Conſcience riſes at him; Oh! Villain! Did you ever hear of ſuch a *wicked Fellow?* What, Sir, will be the Purchaſe-----you know what I mean, how much Sir? how much? You know we always make ſure work,-----Five hundred pounds Brother is but a ſmall matter conſidering------

2 *Cut.* But conſidering the Gentleman promiſeth we ſhall have the reſt of his Highneſs's Work, let him drop the other Hundred, and here's *Don Diego* that ſhall do his Buſineſs.

*Tal. Udsniggs, five hundred pounds! (He pulls out a Dagger.)* hold *(He pauſes.)* e'gad, I have an itching deſire to do it my ſelf. *(Aſide.)* Come Friend, I was in good hopes, when thou wer't talking of Conſcience, thou wouldſt have been reaſonable, and have had ſome reſpect to the Cauſe, I gueſs you are all Pagans your ſelves.

3 *Cut.* Truly, Sir, we have no Religion but our Trade, and we are always of that ſide that bids moſt mony.

*Tall.* Ha! I have brought my ſelf into a fine Præmunire then e'gad; I find if I am out-bid, I may have my own Throat cut: What a plaguy thing it is to be ſuch a cowardly Dog as I am? If I could have found in my heart to have undertaken this my ſelf, I might have been clear of all this danger, and have had

*Five*

*Five hundred pound* in my Pocket. Well, I am in too far, and muſt go thorough with them. (*Aſide.*) Well, Gentlemen, conſidering my Maſter has a kindneſs for you, I'le not be a *niggard of his mony*; here's *an hundred and fifty Pieces* in hand, which ſhall be made up Five hundred within three days after you have done your Buſineſs. And now I'le tell you the perſon, you cannot but know him, 'tis Sir **Demophilus the Tribune**, that lives between *Alba Regalis* and the Queens Palace.

1 *Cut.* Oh lau! is it he? an *ugly croſs-grain'd old Rogue*, our old Perſecutor: Know him, quoth he? Ay marry, and good reaſon, I had *cut his Throat* long ago, if I could have light of a Chapman, for 'tis againſt our Oath to do it *gratis*. If a man had been bread all his life time to ſome honeſt Vocation, ſuppoſe Picking of Pockets, *&c.* yet this unconſcionable Fellow, if he could catch him, would puniſh him ſeverely; and as I take it, that's clearly againſt the Statute: I'le engage your Buſineſs done Sir.

*Tal.* And pray, aſſoon as may be.

2 *Cut.* 'Tis yet early, and I know his Houſe, and we'le dog him, if it be poſſible, this very day.

*Tal.* One thing I had forgot, if you can decoy him into the **Water gate**, we can order matters ſo as to have his Body at our diſpoſal. You had beſt diſpatch, the **Sun grows high.**

3 *Cut.* Before to morrow's **dawn** we may give you a good account of him; till then, Sir, Farewel. *Exeunt* Cut-throats.

*Manet* Le Talbo *ſolus.*

*Tal.* I think I am now in a hopeful way of thriving; Secrets of this importance cannot but recommend me in a peculiar manner to the **Dukes favour**; and as he Riſes (which, as far as I can gather, will not be deferred long) to be ſure I ſhall be moving and climbing too, and when I am out of their reach, what care I for a company of *conſcientious Fools prattle?* Well, for my part, I am none of thoſe hot-headed Fools that would venture my Life, and a good Penſion, for a few vain Words and Babble; When a Man calls me **Coward**, I cry his *Humble Servant.* Let another call me **Cuckold**, *Pimp*, *Varlet*, or **Cut-throat**, I laugh in his

his face, and tell him he *Jeasts*, and we are as good Friends again as ever; and let other men take their own Measures as they please, I am sure 'twas these good Qualities that made me a Favourite: Here's *Demophilus* the Tribune would needs be officious forsooth, and see what he'le get by it: And there's half a dozen more will have their *Rewards* in good time, I'le warrant them.

*They are by Prudence and Discretion lead,*
*Who most the Path: of Safety strive to tread:*
*True Courage, needless danger most doe's fly,*
*And none but Fools can covet misery.*

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

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# ACT. III.

## SCENE I. *The Water-gate at the Queens Palace.*

*Enter two Cut-throats.*

1 *Cut.* PRithee *Sullen*, thou art always so impatient and drowsie, Udszookers, dost think to get thy Living by snoring? Come, come, let me tell you, this will be a comfortable Jobb, and we ought not to grudge our Pains.

2 *Cut.* Why, I don't know Brother *Meager* what's the matter with me to night, I am neither drowsie nor impatient, but I have a sort of an unusual Qualm come over me: I did not understand this *Le Talbo*'s Reason for taking off this *Demophilus*; Prethee what dost thou think it?

1 *Cut.* Nay, as for *his* Reason, I have nothing to do with it; if it be a false one, let him look to it, I am innocent. I am sure an hundred and fifty hard solid pieces of Gold carry *reason* enough to excuse me.

2 *Cut.*

2 *Cut.* Why then, is there no point of Honour or Conſcience to be obſerv'd in our Trade, *Meager?*

1 *Cut.* Ha-Ha-Ha- thou mak'ſt me laugh in good earneſt; Honour and Conſcience, quoth he! Yes, yes, as much as in Uſurers and Bankrupts, who when they have cheated and ruin'd the unwary young Prodigals, caſt up their Eyes in a tranſport, and pretend to give God thanks for their good Fortune, my Pocket's the Rule of my Conſcience.

2 *Cut.* But I would very fain know what this *Demophilus* has done.

1 *Cut.* Thou art a meer Novice, I ſee, never ask what he has done, but how much we are to receive. This plaguy *Rawbone* ſure has got him, he ſtays ſo long; be ſure you obſerve your Cue, *Sullen.*

2 *Cut.* Well! Well! Qualms never continue long with me, *a thin Purſe, and an empty Belly* always cure my Melancholy.

*Enter third* Cut-throat *and gives a Hem or two.*

1 *Cut.* Ha! That's the ſign! Sullen, Sullen, make ready, our Game is drawing nigh.

3 *Cut. Sullen!*

2 *Cut. Rawbone!*

3 *Cut.* Where's *Meager?* Sontikins we have him Boys, he's within forty Paces, and alone, to our wiſhes; if we miſs him now, I'le deſpair of him for ever. Be ſure *keep your Poſt*, and be exactly ready; ſtand drawn, for fear of loſing time: for rather than fail we muſt chop him down any how.

*Enter* Demophilus.

While *Demophilus* walks ſoberly along, *Rawbone*, juſt as he is paſſing the Water-gate, pops out upon him; in the mean time *Sullen* and *Meager* are juſt ſeen within the Scenes with their Swords drawn, claſhing together as in a real quarrel.

*Raw.* For Heavens ſake, Sir! as you are a *Chriſtian* and a Gentleman, give your Aſſiſtance to part a couple of Friends, who are juſt now engaging in a quarrel within the Gate.

*Dem. Alack! withal my heart, Sir.* (*He turns to the Scene, and ſee's them fighting.*) Come, pray Gentlemen, do'nt murther one

another here---in---the--dark. [Rawbone *comes behind him, and while he is ſpeaking, puſheth him violently forward, and preſently the other two lay hold on him, and drag him within the Scene.*] 'Slife! who's that? what---do---you mean? Sir! Oh! Villains, unhand--me! what? will you---mu---murther--me?

1 *Cut.* We'le only cut your throat, or ſo, Sir. Stop his mouth *Rawbone*, and bring him to the Rules.

2 *Cut.* Shall we ſtrangle or run him through?

*Dem.* Oh! Villains! O--my--Go--God! Gent--lemen--have you---- [*he ſtruggles with them.*] no----pi---pi---ty! Oh! ſpa---m--li--ife.

2 *Cut.* He's ſafe enough; let's conſider, if we wound him, the Blood will be ſeen.

*Raw.* No, no, I'le twiſt his Neck, or ſtrangle him.

*Dem.* Go---Go--d re--receive my Soul! [*Here he ſtruggles, and they get him down.*]

3 *Cut.* So, that Groan carry'd him off: he'le trouble himſelf no more with Plots, or Depoſitions, I'le warrant him.

1 *Cut.* I can but laugh to think *how ſneakingly* he'le look to morrow when he finds his *Neck broke*: but what ſhall we do with him, ho?

2 *Cut.* Why, let's tye a good weight to him, and throw him into the River.

1 *Cut.* No, no, that's againſt our Orders. We'le carry him into the adjoyning *Moſque*, till we know the Dukes farther Reſolutions; *A murrain on't, our Buſineſs is ſo ſoon over!* Two or three ſuch Jobbs would ſet me afloat bravely.

2 *Cut.* Never fear Boys, now the Dukes hand is in, he'le never do his Buſineſs by halves; they whiſper at Court that the young Prince *Damaſippus* and he have had a *bruſh* lately, and that Count *Ariſtander* and ſeveral other Nobles are taken *notice* of for their Zeal in the Diſcovery of this Plot; we can never fail of a good Harveſt where there is ſo much Seed ſown.

3 *Cut.* Well, well, we'le talk of this another time; let's away with the Body.

2 *Cut.* Ay, come hoiſt. (*They take up the Body of* Demophilus *and carry him within the Scenes.*) 1 *Cut.*

1 *Cut.* Hey ho, a *Tribune's* as heavy as three other People.

3 *Cut.* Udsbud, you may be ſure he can't be very light, when ha has the whole Plot in his Belly. *Exeunt* Cut-throats.

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## SCENE II. *St. Jaques.*

*Enter* Caligula, Le Talbo, Remarquo *at a diſtance.*

*Cal.* ALready! *Le Talbo*, and ſo dexterouſly! give the *honeſt Villains* Fifty Pieces more to drink my Health; they deſerve it: *How all things proſper with me!* Well, theſe Jebuſites of mine are great Politicians, they have blown the Plot up root and branch! But what did he ſay before he dy'd?

*Tal.* Why, they ſay he kept a great pother about his Sins, and begg'd for a little time to prepare himſelf: but----

*Cal.* He was a ſilly man to be unprovided; for he might have read his Deſtiny from the Minute of his Diſcovery. I hope *ſome others* will take Example by him; *my Quiver is not empty yet.*

*Rem.* Nor will be, while there's a good man in the Kingdom left. *(aſide.*

*Unleſs kind Heavens in pity do look down*
*And bar thy proſpect to the Imperial Crown;*
*Thence all our Woes and Miſeries proceed,*
*Thy heart's the Neſt where all our Miſchiefs breed.*
Hungaria *ne're expects a happy Day*
*Till thou prove kind, and take thy* ſelf away.

*Tal.* Theſe Cut-throats Arguments are very perſuaſive, they make a man a Convert in a moment: If your Highneſs did but ſee how *demurely* he looks, a body would not think he knew any thing of the matter.

*Rem.* Good Heavens! were there ever ſuch hardned Villains! *Murther is a downright Diverſion with them*, as if they kill'd a man only for the opportunity of breaking a Jeaſt: Sure this will not go long unpuniſh'd. *(aſide.*

*Tal.* But as to your Diſpoſal of him, Sir.

*Cal.* I have already conſulted it, and ſent my Orders for the Execution. I want ſome body to form ſome plauſible Arguments that he kill'd himſelf, for ſo it is given out.

*Enter* Nobbs.

*Tal.* Udslife! how Providence throws every thing in your Highneſs's Mouth? here's the fitteſt Fellow alive for it.

*Cal.* Thou art in the right; I have not ſeen the Blade theſe ten days, whith made me forget him. How now *Nobbs*, what thou art not concern'd in this ſtrange Plot, art thou? Thou haſt been abſent ſo long, a body would ſuſpect thee.

*Nobbs.* Yes efack, it is ſtrange indeed, that there ſhould be ſuch abundance of *Talk*, and *Nothing* to be ſeen of it: But as my Brother *Bays* ingeniouſly ſays,

*Plots, true or falſe, are neceſſary things*
*To ſet up Commonwealths, and pull down Kings.*

Well, I'le lay a Groat I fit thoſe *Rogue* Whiggs with Invention one of theſe days, they will not be quiet till I have mauld 'em. But I pray did your Highneſs hear the News?

*Cal.* No: what *News* prithee, *Nobbs?*

*Nobbs.* Why, there's an Hue and Cry after *Demophilus* the Tribune, for hanging himſelf.

*Tal.* Hanging himſelf, man! is it true?

*Nobbs.* True, I'le warrant, for he can't be found high nor low.

*Cal.* Why, how do'ſt know he has hang'd himſelf then?

*Nobbs.* Why, a'nt pleaſe your Highneſs, I prove it thus: *None but Madmen and Fools hang themſelves; but* Demophilus *was a Madman and a Fool, therefore he hang'd himſelf.* Ha--ha--ha, there's an Argument off-hand egad, I'le have it in my next *Obſervator* egad, and you ſhall ſee how the grave Citts will hammer upon it: This is only to ſhew your Highneſs how an ingenious Man may baffle this dull *plodding World* egad: But the plain truth on't is, I do hear it whiſper'd about that he has made away with himſelf, but as yet I know no particulars.

*Enter* Meſſenger.

*Meſſ.* My Lord, Count *Paulbrough* ſends your Highneſs word, that

that *Demophilus* the Tribune was this Morning found run thorow the Body with his own Sword near *Pyramoſe-Hill*. *Ex.* Meſſ.

*Cal.* Ha! 'tis ſtrange! though indeed I gueſs'd he would come to ſome ſuch end; he was an ill man.

*Rem.* Nay, if thou hadſt been either ignorant or innocent, he had not yet come to his end. *Oh! Vengeance! Vengeance!*

*Cal.* Now, though the matter is plain, that he was his ow Executioner, yet 'tis forty to one but ſome malicious Tongue will throw it upon others: Nay, they have been bold in ſome things, not to ſpare even our Royal ſelf.

*Nobbs.* Piſh, piſh, 'tis as plain as the Sun, and the Reaſons for it prevent all diſpute; for either *there was a Plot, or there was not*: If there was a Plot, he was afraid the *Sanhedrim* would have brought him in for a Snack for not diſcovering it ſooner; and let me tell you, a man had as good be half hang'd as be brought before a *Houſe of Commons*; *ergo*, He was afraid, and ſo forth. And if there was no Plot, as to be ſure there is not, why then, mark you me, there's *Scandalum Magnatum*, and a hundred other Plagues, that let me be hang'd, I think he took the beſt way to remove himſelf by a *Habeas Corpus*; and if this be not demonſtration, I'le be bound to write Ballads as long as I live; and there's ſomthing for *Obſervator* again.

*Cal.* Such as theſe will do *Nobbs*: and I would have thee be ſpeedy, and fall on firſt, to prevent all others babbling.

*Nobbs.* Nay, let me be hang'd, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, but you have hit upon my way to an *hairs* breadth; for when there is any Matter of Conſequence likely to be diſputed, then *what do me I*, mark you me, but eſpouſe the *Court Cauſe* to be ſure, *right or wrong*; and then do I, in a bantering ſort of way, inſinuate and introduce all the Arguments that the other ſide can poſſibly be ſuppos'd to bring, and by *ridiculing* ſome, and *waving* the reſt, egad I leave them buſtling and ſcratching their Heads to find out new Matter; for efack, if they come once to Repetition, whip I ſlave 'em like School-boys; ſo that egad in *Concluſion* I'le prove that this Sir *Demophilus* felonioufly laid *violent hands* upon himhimſelf, and no body ſhall dare to contradict it: and ſo I humbly bid your Highneſs Farewel.

*Cal.*

*Cal.* Farewel honeſt *Nobbs*. *Exit* Nobbs.
Well, Now *Le Talbo*, we are paſt the worſt,
We have ſhot that dangerous Gulf that threatned us.
Now with *expanded Sails* we'le gently glide
Through the calm Sea of Safety and of Pleaſure.
In this *Demophilus* alone did lye
Our curſed Chriſtians Hopes, and all our Fears.
His Virtue, Age, Religion, Piety,
If e're he had fac'd the haughty *Sanhedrim*
Had given him credit there beyond Exception.
His urgent Teſtimony, without doubt,
Back'd with the Circumſtance of Things and Perſons,
*Intrigue*'s Letters, *Pertinax* his Oaths,
Had carry'd ſuch a prevailing Influence
Over the too inclining *Sanhedrim*,
As would have ſurely ruin'd us for ever.
But he is gone----- *Le Tal.*
What then do's ſtill remain
A ſtop to all your glorious Reſolutions?
*Cal.* None but what Time and moderate Induſtry
Will with a kind of natural Eaſe wear off.
This, my *Le Talbo*, was neceſſity,
What common Nature did perſuade me to;
(Self-preſervation all men teach and practiſe)
But now Ambition and Revenge ſucceeds,
(*The darling Paſſions of all High-born Souls*)
And whiſper to my longing liſtning Soul
The dazeling Glories of a *glittering Crown*.
Now, my great *Genius* crys, now is the time
In which, *Caligula*, thy Suffering Friends
Expect thee as their Great Deliverer,
Why ſhould'ſt thou wait the heavy tedious motion
Of thy *Lethargick Brother*, who, whilſt thou
Tir'ſt out thy Active Soul with Care and Zeal
To mould the Embryo's of thy deep laid Projects,
And *warm them into Life* and wiſh'd Perfection;
Supinely

Supinely wanders through the ambiguous Maze
Of Love and Eaſe and wanton Luxury,
Careleſs of Dangers, yet of all afraid;
To bear unfit, yet ſtill creating trouble;
Why ſhouldſt thou thus weigh down thy yielding ſhoulders,
Which ſerve to prop and hold the tottering State
Whilſt he drills out a dull *inglorious Eaſe*,
And yet ſhares all the Profits, all the Pleaſures?
No, no, *Caligula*, this muſt not be;
This dull delay, this tedious lukewarm Zeal,
Do's ill agree with all thy vaſt Deſigns:
If thou reſolv'ſt to taſt this Golden Fruit,
Now, now's the time to make thy fit approaches;
Now whilſt the careleſs Guardian-Dragon's ſleeping.
*Le Talbo.*

*Tal.* My Lord!

*Cal.* I love my Brother, I think.

*Tal.* Your Brother, Sir! alack, good Prince, ſo do I, and every honeſt body, a meek well-natur'd King as ever was known. But that-----

*Cal.* But what, *Le Talbo!* it ſeems he is not ſo good, but thou haſt an Exception for him.

*Tal.* I humbly ask your Highneſs's Pardon; it was ill manners in me to make an Exception.

*Cal.* What was't, *Le Talbo?* ſure thou may'ſt ſpeak to me with freedom.

*Tal.* Good lack, Sir, I meant nothing but that, as all other men, he has ſome few ſmall failings.

*Cal.* Nay, He is not an Angel, I wiſh to Heaven he was.

*Tal.* Good lack! how my wiſhes jump with your Highneſs; I have wiſh'd ſo many a time; Good Prince! he deſerves to be one; this world is not worthy of him.

*Cal.* Yet he cannot find in his heart to leave it; he is in love with his Life, as bad *Poets* are with their *Verſes*, and gives us the tedious Repetition of it every day.

*Tal.* Nay, the worſt thing I like in him is, he won't take your Highneſs's good Advice.

*Cal.*

*Cal.* He is like the Dog in the Manger, that will neither eat the Hay himſelf, nor ſuffer the Horſe.

*Tal.* Nay, now your Highneſs gives me leave, I will ſpeak; He is neither *true Pagan, nor Chriſtian*, but a meer Trimmer between both, and foments a Diviſion between both Parties, meerly to ſtave off their Deſigns againſt himſelf.

*Cal.* He has often promis'd, and as often deceiv'd me, and what is worſe, I fear will never perform: Therefore, *Le Talbo*, I have reſolv'd to change my meaſures, and take the ſhorteſt way to the accompliſhment of my Deſigns.

*Tal.* And your Highneſs is much in the right; I am for falling too, without the *formality of a long Grace*; I hate waiting.

*Rem.* But yet ſome little time muſt be allow'd,
That all things may be **ready for his Journey.**
All that his eaſie Nature can be drawn to
Muſt be perform'd before you let him part;
*He* muſt the Ground and great *Foundations* lay
Whereon your future Buildings muſt be rais'd;
**Charters**, and **Quo Warranto's**, Diſpenſations
Muſt be begun and entred on by *him:*
The *Plot* diſcouraged, hiſs'd, and out of doors,
Or burnt; from whoſe engendring Aſhes muſt
An Infant monſtrous **Phenix Plot** ariſe.
Some hot bold plodding Heads too muſt be lopp'd
For diving into your myſterious Secrets,
And fall thereby a *weighty* Sacrifice
*To paſt Reſentments*, as to *future Fears.*
When this, and more, from thee *Androgynes*,
Has been obtain'd (whereby will be allay'd,
Perhaps diverted from his guilty ſelf
The Odium, which ſuch black Miſcarriages
Alas! will too too ſurely bring upon thee)
Then like ſome uſeleſs old unfaſhion'd Garment
Thou art thrown aſide, deſpis'd, unpity'd, laugh'd at. *(aſide.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Count Paulbrough, *running.*

*Paul.* Udsbud, an't pleaſe your *Highneſs*, there's more bad News; 'Sountikins, I ſweat for fear.

*Cal.* Thou never bring'ſt any good I think, what's the matter now?

*Paul.* Why, Udsbud, *Intrigno is undone, quite undone*; he has been try'd and found Guilty of a *plaguy Pagan Plot*, in the Devils Name, and the *Sanhedrim* have Petition'd to have him Executed off hand.

*Cal.* I did not care for all that, ſo I had but his *Tongue* ſecure, a fearful babling Dog; but I have taken care to have him fitted.

*Good Services may ſometimes want regard,*
*But bad ones ſeldom fail of their reward.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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## ACT III. Scene III.

## *A Priſon.*

*Enter* Intriguo, *two* Jebuſites, Goaler.

*Intr.* NO *Reprieve come! 'tis impoſſible!*

*Goal.* 'Tis true, and you have but two hours to prepare your ſelf for Death.

*Int.* Good lack, the Duke promiſed I ſhould have it early, and without fail.

*Firſt, Jeb.* Nay, nay, and if he promiſed it, you need not ſcruple it; I wiſh I had as good ſecurity for my Life.

*Second, Jeb.* However, let the worſt betide, I can thank my Stars, **I die in a good Cauſe.**

*Intriguo.* But for the preſent Father, I have a ſtrange

inclination to *live* in a good one; a vengeance on it, I never lik'd this desperate way of maintaining a *Cause* as we call it.

*Goal.* Sir, Let me tell you my Sentiments clearly, you have but a very short time to consider of the *great Journey you* are going to take: I advise you therefore to improve it to advantage, if a Reprieve comes at last, you are still the same, if not (which may be doubted) you cannot but be *doubly* griev'd, as *doubly* disappointed.

*Int.* And art thou then *Intriguo* thus deluded?
Are thus thy *blooming* hopes so Swiftly vanish'd?
Are thus thy faithful Services repaid?
And all thy care and hearty Zeal requited?
'S'Death! shall I tamely, fall a Sacrifice
To the designs of an ungrateful Master?
Shall I in *guilty Silence* chose to dye; [*Aside.*
When his bear speaking might preserve my Life?
Or like some Novice, when the *Rooking Gamester*,
By Subtile Cheating Arts, has drain'd his Pocket;
Stand both the Ridicule and Jest of my Imposers.
Hast not thou yet, *Intriguo*, in thy power,
To pay the mighty Debt exacted on thee?
Would not the willing *Sanhedrim* vouchsafe to hear;
And praise, and save thee for thy *just Discovery.*
Ah! yes they would——— But now the Brazen head,
Has doom'd thee lost for ever; **Time is past.**
And like the unwary *Passenger*, whose way,
Leads o're the dry deserted Strand, thou didst. [*Aside.*
Delay the lucky minute of thy passage,
Staying, alas; till the returning Waves,
O're took, surrounded, grasp'd and overwelm'd thee.

*Enter* Nobs.

Ha! *Nobs here*; nay, then, perhaps, I may have wrong'd my Master: He did not hear me, I hope. (*Aside.*)

*N. Siegnieur Intriguo*, his *Royal Highness* the Duke, has sent ——

*Int.*

*Int.* A Reprieve, or Pardon? Speak my *good Angel*; Has my juſt Maſter thought me worthy of his Remembrance? Good Prince, I did not doubt his Mercy; but you know the very Apprehenſions of Death, do ſtrangely perplex a man: But prithee, dear *Nobs*, let's ſee my laſt Comfort; my Hopes, my Joy; dear lack, how ſtrangely I am altered *in a moment*; well, I vow, I was very melancholy, till I ſaw you, thou art born under a lucky Planet, thou alwaies bring'ſt good Tidings with thee. Come let me ſee it; is it *a clear Pardon*, or a Reprieve for pleaſure.

*N.* A clear downright Pardon, an abſolute Acquittance, for all *Debts*, *Dues*, *and Demands*, &c. That you ſhall never be troubled for any thing of Plot or Plotting again, *while you breath.*

*Int.* Look you here now, good lack, what an ungrateful Villain was I, to accuſe ſo good a Maſter: Well, I could find in my Heart to *Hang my ſelf for pure ſpite.* (*Aſide.*

But come, a murrain on it, we'll let that alone till another time; and now, *dear Nobs*, let me hug thee, 'fack I can crack a Pint now with ſome comfort (*They Embrace*) with thee, and 'fack we will have it too. Come, Mr. Keeper, give Orders for an hearty Bottle; come, a Fart of Hanging now, I have got a Pardon, a Pardon, *Boy* (*He leaps about.*

*Goal.* Mr. *Nobs*, if you have brought *Seigniour Intriguo's* Pardon, you would do him a kindneſs to produce it; for my Warrant runs for **Executon**, this Morning at Ten of the Clock, and you ſee by my Watch the time is near expired.

*Int.* Ay, ay, come produce it; theſe Keepers are ſo *Sawey*, when they have a Man in their Power. Sir, The Duke may remember your Malapartneſs.

*Goal.* Sir, I muſt remember my Buſineſs, and if I miſtake not, your Worſhip will be *part of it to day.* (*Aſide.*

*N.* Heark you *Siegniour*, you cannot imagine what a difficulty the Duke met with, before he could obtain it; for you muſt underſtand the *Sanhedrim* Petition'd and made a terrible Pother to have you *Executed* off hand; nay, the very Rabble were gathering and threatned to pull you out themſelves; ſo that upon mature deliberation, it was thought fit,

[*He takes* Intriguo *aſide.*

ſit, and concluded, bewteen the *King and Duke*, mark you me, that you ſhould for **meer Formality**, and to aſſwage the growing Fury of the People, that you ſhould, I ſay, be drawn to the place of Execution, and then *Sir 'gad*, I can but laugh at the Jeſt, mark you me, juſt as they expect to ſee you *Dangle*, whip, ruſh me, I, or ſome Body elſe in, no matter who, with the Reprieve, though at the ſame time, we muſt be forc'd to make a *formal Excuſe*, that you are to be Examin'd, or ſo, again, in Council, before you Die; and ſo Sir, as I told you, under that Deluſion, egad, we whisk you away, and ſo give them the Slip for ever.

*Int.* Oh! ye Devil, loſt! loſt! ruin'd, [*He ſtarts and ſtamps*] and undone for ever! Drawn to the place of Execution, quoth he, ay, and Hang'd at the place of Execution; What a Devil ſhould I do there elſe?

1. *Jeb.* Why, this *Nobs*, Brother, is the Miracle of his time; what a Fetch was there, and how he prepared him for it? Egad, as he ſays, if he once come to the place of Execution, I know what will follow. [*Aſide.*

2. *Jeb.* No Reprieve, I'll ſecure him, and it will be too late to tell Tales then. [*Aſide.*

*Int.* But prithee, dear *Nobs*, art thou in earneſt; thou haſt curdled my Blood ſtrangely, that was **boyling** juſt before with Joy: bur prithee, that's the way to be torn to pieces by the *Rabble*, if I ſhould eſcape Hanging.

*N.* Udslife, *Siegniour Intriguo*, you are the ſtrangeſt incredulous man; Udsfiſh, if the Duke know this, let me be hang'd, 'twould be of ill conſequence; pray let us have no more of that *Siegniour*.

*Enter* Keeper.

*K.* Sir, The *Præfect*, according to Warrant, demands the Delivery of your Priſoners for Execution.

*Goal. Siegniour Intriguo*, I muſt obey.

*Int.* I ſubmit.

Well *Nobs*, I hope thou wilt remember thy old Friend.

*N.* Fear nothing, I ſhall, within theſe two hours, ſee thee aſſuredly ſafe and well. [*Exit* Nobs. *Jeb.*

*Jeb.* As *Halter and Coffin can make him.* (*Aside.*
*Goal.* Sir, The *Præfect* waits.

Int. *Lead on, and ſhew me my myſterious Fate,*
*To Life or Death, I'm fixt for either ſtate:*
*My Fears are boundleſs, but my Hopes a ſpan,*
*Yet if I Fall,* **There's no Belief in Man.**

*Finis Actus tertij.*

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## ACT. IV. Scene I.

### *Corinna's* Bed-chamber.

*Enter King,* Corinna, Leonora, *undreſt, and in Looſe Night-Gowns.* Remarquo, *ſlips behind the Hangings.*

LEt's barr theſe Doors, my Dear *Corinna*, cloſe;
Leſt ſome dark prying *Stateſman* here diſcover us,
And with his Lamentable Noiſe of *Plots*,
Diſturb and Interrupt our Secret Pleaſures.
Come *Leonora*, fill my other Arm,
And ſhare the other half of thy *Lov'd Monarch.*
Here now's my *Paradice*, my Heaven of Joy,
All that a Monarch can deſire or wiſh for:
Let the Grave Politician ſhake his Head,
And blame the well-fix'd Choice of my Diverſion.
It were a Crime to think that Providence,
Who wiſely fix'd us in this lofty Station,
To be the Eaſe and Profit of our People,
Should at the ſame time with Severity
Reſtrain with niggard Hand, the free Enjoyment

Of

Of all thoſe Pleaſures, which our *meaneſt Subjects*
*Do daily Revel in.*

*Cor.* No, no, my Dear:
Let us no longer vainly ſtand Diſputing
What our ſo well Inſpired Souls declare
Is neceſſary, juſt and requiſite:
Come, to thy Roſie Lips, this Roſie Wine
Shall add another freſh Vermillion Tincture:
See how its *Sparkling* Spirits Fly to meet thee,
And Dance and Sing to thy approaching Lipps;
Come to thy Health, my Royal Love and Maſter,
And may'ſt thou ever like this Generous Wine,
Abound with lofty Spirit, Warmth, and Vigour.
Come *Leonora* to the King, Fill up.

*Rem.* So, ſo, the Scene begins well; now for a good Limner, we ſhall have delicate Figures for his Fancy to operate on preſently: Well, if the Women hold on as they begin, they'll certainly ſhame the Men out of the *Beaſtly* Sin of Drinking. [*Aſide.*

*Leon.* Come, To my *Royal Lord*, Long Health and Eaſe;
Un-interrupted Joys, and Endleſs Pleaſures,
The Power, but not the Toyl of Mighty Buſineſs.
Let him Live long. *Hungaria's happy King*;
Enjoying ſtill an *Everlaſting Spring*.

*K.* Dear *Leonora*, and my Soul *Corinna*,
It quells my growing Joys, and damps my Pleaſures,
To think how ſmall a Span of Power I have,
To Graſp and to Reward, your boundleſs Merits.
How like a **real** Monarch ſhould I ſtand,
If once my ſtruggling Will were diſ-intangled
From the Curſt Bonds of Haughty *Sanhedrims*?
How ſhould my Bounty with my Will keep pace,
And Crown my *peerleſs* Nymphs extreameſt Wiſhes?
Well, I may Live to ſee the time. (*Knocking without.*

*Rem.* Yes, poor deluded Monarch! thou may'ſt Live
To ſee the time, when with a Fatal Sorrow
Thou'lt wiſh, and wiſh (when 'tis alas too late!)

'Twere

'Twere in thy Power to mend, or to re-call
Thoſe Fatal Errors which thy eaſie Nature
(By theſe pernicious Arts intic'd) conſents to:
When with Inſulting Pride thy crafty Foes
Shall Laugh, and Triumph o're thy *conquer'd Reaſon:*
When by theſe very Arts, by which thou think'ſt,
*Poor cheated Prince*, to Buoy thy Pleaſures up,
Thy Pleaſures, Eaſe, and Life, ſhall be endangered:
When thoſe who truly pitying now thy Grief,
Would Face *Ten Thouſand Deaths* for thy Relief,
Will coldly then upbraid thy Unbelief. [*Aſide.*

*K.* What ſawcy Slave is this, that boldly durſt
Intrude upon my Privacy and Pleaſures.

*Knocking again.*

Now by the Life of *Mahomet*, the Man
Deſigns to affront me with his Impudence.
Prithee, *Corinna*, know his Name;
While I and *Leonora* here retire. [*K. and* Leonora *retire to the inner part of the Scenes, out of ſight.*

*Knocking again.*

*Corinna* Goes to the Door.

*Cor.* Who's there? And ſpeak by whoſe Authority
You thus preſume to *Alarm my Apartment.*

*D.* Verily Madam, I am *Damaſippus*, and muſt Speak to the *K.* immediately; I have Important Buſineſs to deliver to him.

*Cor.* Prince *Damaſippus* always ſhould be welcom
To great *Androgynes* and me [*She half opens the Door, and ſtands in the Paſſage.*

*Da.* I deſire always to be welcom to the
King; Pray Madam let me be happy in his ſight.

*Cor.* My Lord the King's retir'd, and is aſleep,
And gave ſtrict Orders not to be diſturb'd.
'Slife, This *Prince* carries a great Stroak with *Androgynes*, and if he ſhould take him away with him, we ſhould miſs of our Buſineſs: He muſt not ſee him. [*Aſide.*
Your Highneſs muſt needs reſt ſatisfied 'till Morning,
For His Majeſty muſt not be diſturb'd.

*Da.* Alas Madam! It will be a Diſturbance to Himſelf

And

And the whole Kingdom, if I don't ſee him:
By your leave Madam. (*He puſhes to come in.*

*Cor.* You'll not uſe Violence, my Lord.

*Da.* I hope you don't fear Raviſhing, my Lady.

*K.* What Noiſe is that? [*The King comes from within the Scenes.*
What bold Intruder is this?

*Da.* I humbly conceive, the rarity of ſuch an Action will be a ſufficient Apology to your Majeſty, for your Faithful Subject and Kinſman, *Damaſippus* [*He Kneels.*

*K.* Alack, alack, Good Couſin:
What makes you here at this time of Night? What, I'll warrant you thought you were at the Siege of *Rhodes* now; well, you are a Fierce Aſſailant, but I think you miſtook the Cittadel.

*Da.* Dread Sir!
Naught leſs than Duty, Love, Allegiance, Honour,
Prompted me thus to intrude upon your Secrets:
'Tis Whiſper'd, nay, 'tis talk'd in threatning Murmures,
That ſome, whome my Opinion can't call Friends,
Adviſe, and have prevail'd by crafty Reaſons
To have the *Sanhedrim* to Morrow broken;
Sir, Let me beg by all the Sacred Tyes
Of Kindred, Friendſhip, Honour, Gratitude,
Which long have held me Captive to your Will,
And which, 'till now, I never ſtrove t' oppoſe;
To think what dreadful Conſequences may
Flow from ſo unaccountable Abrupt an Action:
The Nation's Blood is in a *boyling Ferment*,
Rais'd and Alarm'd by all theſe late Diſcoveries:
Their Love and Wiſhes to your Health and Life,
Which by this Plot ſeem'd to be chiefly aim'd at,
Did firſt Foment, and ſtir their Active Spirits,
To ſtand prepar'd and ready to defend you:
The *Sanhedrim*, their Repreſentatives,
Out of a Filial Duty to your Perſon,
And in purſuance of the People's Wiſhes,
Deſire to ſearch the Danger of that Wound,

Which

Which like a Gangreen would o're ſpread the Nation;
Already they have Prob'd, and found the Venom
Has reach'd and *tainted even the very Vitals*,
And by a *ſecret* Paſſage to aſcend,
And Dart its *Poyſon* upwards to the *Head:*
And now like an unruly Patient you
(Forgive me if I once too plainly ſpeak) *(Kneeling.*
When even the Root and Cauſe of your Diſtemper,
Are by your wiſe Phyſicians Skill explor'd;
Refuſe t' Accept, or caſt away in Anger
Their neceſſary wholſome Applications:
But then, Dread Sir! conſider how the Body,
(For every Member covets its own Safety)
When thus it finds the Head ſupinely careleſs,
Or which is worſe (which hardly can be thought)
Reſolv'd, and bent upon its own Deſtruction;
Conſider then how Nature, common Safety,
(Which ſure right Reaſon ſhould dictate to all)
Will urge them to make ſpeedy Applications,
Firſt by *Entreaty*, and *when that do's fail*,
By Power to ſeek their common Preſervation.
This, Sir, I ſpeak, as what I fear *will be*;
Though Heaven, the Searcher of all Hearts can witneſs,
My Prayers and hearty Wiſhes are, *It may not.*

*K.* Well, good Couſin, thou art a rare maker of Speeches, wil't make One for me to Morrow.

*Da.* My Blood to ſerve you ſhould as freely go, as now my Words.

*K.* Nay, nay, But prithee Couſin, thou art turn'd a meer *Stoick* all of a ſuddain: Come you have been dozing like an *Old Pædagogue*, over ſome Obſolete *Author*, to find out ſome Abſtruſe Queſtion to puzzle his Schollars; Come *Damaſippus*, here's that will bring theeto thy Self again: Come to Love and Beauty, and Hang Buſineſs. *(He Drinks.*

*Cor.* So, ſo, That will ſet him a Float preſently, he'll be nothing

but *Tropes and Figures* in a Moment; you'll see him make a meer Fool of this Old Politician. (*Aside.*

*K.* Come Cousin, take your Glass; with the Health.

*D.* **To every Thing in Season.**

*K.* Ay right; Come *Corinna*, give me the Glass;
This Cousin of mine will improve upon our Hands,
He begins to speak to the purpose. (*He drinks.*

*Rem.* Pray Heavens His Majesty may *doe* something to right purpose.

*Da.* Well, I find I shall do no more good upon him to Night;
He's taking *Opium* on purpose to forget himself, and the Kingdom:
I will wake him again however in the Morning. I humbly Beg your Majesty to consider of my Petition. (*Aside.*

*Cor.* We'll now be free from these State *Basilisks*,
That with their poysonous Looks destroy our Pleasures.
Come, now *Androgynes*, let's sit and Revel,
And *Toy the tedious Minutes* out in Sports and Kisses:
Now thou'rt in wanton *Cupid's* Fragrant Pallace,
Where nought but Ease and *Gay* Delights Inhabit:
No Interrupting Thoughts of Business here,
Must now intrude; all Care from hence is Banish'd:
As on the Surface of a clear calm Sea,
We'll Lye, and Bask, **and Love our Lives away.**

*Leo.* No, rather let us Love and Live for ever.

*Rem.* That came from her Heart o'my Conscience; her way of Living would give a Body but very little Encouragent to *Dye.* [*Aside.*

*K.* Come then *Corinna*, let us now retire,
And practice o're thy well instructed Lesson:
Come, let me Launch into thy *Sea of Love*,
And gaze and wonder at thy mighty Treasure:
Oh! now my Soul's a Thirst, and I must Drink:
Come my *Blest Angel*, let us now retire;
Love, like a greedy *Cormorant*, cann't wait [*He Embraces her*
The long Formality of *Grace* before it. *and pushes her forward.*
Come, come my Dear.

*Cor*

*Cor.* What means my Liege?
These Actions seem to bear a Mystery.

*Rem.* What a Devil have we to do now? Mean, quoth a, What should he mean, but to go and repeat your old Lesson of W——ing? I'll be Hang'd but this seeming backwardness carrys some Plaguy design, or other with it.

*K.* What should'st thou think *Androgynes* can mean?
Do not these *eager Grasps*, my trembling Knees;
These dying Languets, thick Imprinted Kisses,
Too well declare the Longings of my Soul.
And can *Corinna* then ask what I mean?
Come, come, retire *Corinna*, *Love himself*
*No Niggard is:* And why should'st thou, his Steward,
Refuse, or Tardy be to share his Bounty?

*Cor.* But if as Steward, I profusely waste
The present Stock I am intrusted with;
Or indiscreetly lend at each Request,
Before the former Debts and Obligations
Shall be defray'd, and void; I well may fear
A little time, alas! will make me Bankrupt.

*Rem.* So, so, I see the Mine is ready to Spring; I thought there was some new Business in the Wind; now we shall hear the Conscience of her Request; I'll warrant little less than **half the next Subsidy:** Oh! these Misses are chargeable Petts, a Body may keep a *stud of Mares*, and three Packs of Hounds, cheaper than one Wh——. (*Aside.*

*K.* Thou speak'st to me in dark mysterious Riddles:
Oh! do not thus Foment my Raging Fire:
Say, *dear Corinna*, what thou dost require;
Speak quickly; Oh! my Soul, I cann't deny; (*He Kisses and*
Though thy request extend to half my Kingdom. *hugs her.*

*Rem.* Nay, It must be the remaining Half then; for she has had the *value of one half* from him already: Now a Body would think that a Prince that had seen himself so long kept out of his Kingdoms, should not be so free of disposing of them at every turn, to a **paultry, painted Strumpet.**

*Cor.* My Royal Lord, Your Bounty always did
With ſo much *eaſe* extend it ſelf to me,
That 'twas with ſome Reluctancy, that now
I ventur'd to exact ſome ſmall Addition:
But ſince Your Majeſty has pleas'd ſo freely
To promiſe the fulfilling my Requeſt;
Once more I beg, that from your Royal Mouth
You will confirm your Royal Grant.

*K.* Speak on; and by our Holy Prophet I do ſwear,
To th' **half my Kingdom** it ſhall be fulfill'd.

*Rem.* Udlike, I am in a plaguy taking; Heaven knows what will be the Event of this: this looks like a laid Buſineſs. (*Aſide.*

*Cor.* Long Life and Health to Great *Androgynes*,
Eternal Eaſe, and never-failing *Pleaſure*.
Here on our bended Knees we humbly Beg, (Cor. Leon. *Knels.*
*To Morrow may the utmoſt Period ſet*
*To the Meeting of this Haughty Sanhedrim.*
This is our **Boon**, and from our Royal Lord,
We humbly Beg performace of his Word.

*Rem.* Oh Racks, Plagues, Fire, Hell and Tortures! If he grants this, the *Kingdom's ruin'd*. Oh *Androgynes! Androgynes!* Conſider what they ask, and what thou art to give! Conſider that thy own, as well as the *Kingdom's ſafety*, are at Stake; and none but thy Enemy's can require it: This is the **Duke all over**; there's his very Picture in the whole Tranſaction; no wonder they did not ask for more Money; no doubt, they'll have their Wages from him, and be well paid, if they obtain.

*K.* Diſſolve the *Sanhedrim!* I know not what to think on't.
'Tis true, I wiſh that they were fairly gon, (*The* K. *Muſes.*
But want a clear pretence to ſend 'em packing:
There are ſome Tricks indeed in this ſame **Plot**,
Which ſeem to point at *Treachery*:
But yet my own part in it is ſo great,
As won't admit of any narrow ſearching;
I cannot willingly ſuſpect a Brother
Of ill Deſigns againſt my Crown and Life;

*Since*

*Since by th' Accompliſhment he could but make*
*A ſmall Addition to his preſent Glory:*
And yet the Evidence ſeems poſitive,
Evincing both *Conſent* and *Inſtigation.*
'Tis ſtrange. [*He pauſes*] But then alas! *Androgynes*
Thy Life muſt be embroyl'd in Care and Buſineſs;
In ſuch an endleſs Maze of Toyl and Sorrow
Thoul't be entangled; as will quite deſtroy
*Thy fixed Rules of Love, and Eaſe, and Pleaſure,*
And all thy hopes of future Reſt and Quiet.
O ye Almighty Powers! Why would you Flatter
*Poor* Monarchs with the hopes of Power and Glory?
Why do we vainly Boaſt of Will and Pleaſure,
And graſp at abſolute Authority?
When each pretending Slave ſhall dare to ſtand,
And by a ſpecious *Plea of Property*;
Of *Law*, *Religion*, and ſuch other *Trifles*,
Shall 'thwart and croſs as oft as we Command:
Nay, many times refuſe our final Orders:
Why ſhould the Ambitious Toil, and thus contend,
For the poor Glory's of an Anxious Crown?
In which the chiefeſt Gemms are *Cares* and *Sorrows:*
Why ſhould we ſtrive, and covet to Aſcend,
As on a lofty Pinacle to Stand,
Sole *Spectatours* of the glorious World?
While the more happy Mortals do below
*Enjoy* and Revel in it's various *Pleaſures.* [*He Muſes*

*Rem.* So, ſo, if he takes but care to look before
He Leaps, he may perhaps have the Grace to avoid the danger: The
Ladies begin to Scratch; *They never like a conſidering Man.* (*Aſide.*

*Cor.* Udslife *Leonora*, we muſt not give him leave to think, we
Muſt ply him faſt; if we fail of this, we are undone!
From this hard conteſt in your Royal Breſt

My

My fears Suggeſt *Corinna* is deny'd.

*And.* Pleaſures, *Androgynes*, of Love and Wine,
Which thy harſh envious interrupting Fate,
Denys, or Robs thee of, but--- (*Aſide.*

*Leo.* Perhaps great Sir our preſence may offend;
We will remove the cauſe. (*They are going.*

*Rem.* Heaven's ſend ſhe proves as good as her Word.
'Twill be the firſt good thing they ever did in their Lives.

*Andr.* Stay *Corinna*, ſtay *Leonora*, come you muſt pardon this abrupt way of dealing with you, an ugly Crabed thought or two came into my head, and put me on muſing, but it is over; but I have reſolv'd.

*Rem.* To ſend them out of his ſight for ever, I hope. (*Aſide.*

*Cor.* To grant I hope your Hand-maids poor requeſt.

*And.* To ſend and to diſſolve the *Sanhedrim.*

*Both.* Long Live and Reign the great *Androgynes.*

*Cor.* Who waits there, *Dione.*

*Enter* Maid.

Run dear *Dione* with a Lovers Speed, [*Corinna runs immedately*
And tell your Maſter great *Caligula*, *to the Door.*
The *Sanhedrim*'s no more. [*Exit* Maid.

*Rem.* Good Heavens! what will this come to? this muſt breed bad Blood in the Kingdom, we ſhall be altogether by the Ears in a Moment: Our goodly Duke longs for nothing more, and when matters are in Confuſion, he thinks to paſs Unobſerv'd. Well, come when it will, every Man muſt take his Fortune.

*Each Man may ſtand upon his own Defence,*
*But few will now be ſafe in Innocence.*

*And.* 'Tis time *Corinna*, now, that we with-draw,
And pay our mighty debts of mutual Love:
Henceforth all Care and Buſineſs from my Breaſt;
All ſence of fear and danger too I'll Baniſh:
Wrapt up in Pleaſures, I'll ſupinely wait,
The certain Stroake of my appointed Fate. (*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT.

## ACT IV. Scene II.

### *The Palace at St.* Jacques.

*Enter* Le' Talbo, *with three* Teagueland *Evidences.*

*Le Tal.* YOU know honeſt Country Men it ſtands us upon: If the Duke fail, all our hopes are quaſh'd for ever.

*Firſt*, Ay, by my Shoul dear Collonel, but the Divel taake me if he do fail.

*Second*, No be Chreeſt and ſhaint *Patrick*, but I would Swear the Moon and the Sheven Stars down firſt.

*Tal.* You know how the buſineſs is, and what to ſwear.

*Third*, Hubboo! Hubboo! What to Swear? Ay by my Fait do I Dear Joy; I vill Swear, I vill Swear; Ay by my Shoul it be no matter what I do Swear, as long as the *Shudge will be wid me, and taake my part.*

*Rem.* This is a pack of rare Villains of the right Stamp and Breed; a Generation that ſuck in Villany with their Milk, whoſe *Native Language* is a compound of *Oaths*, and *Lying* their only *Inheritance*; who have Courage enough only to render 'em **Ruffians**, and who have no other Sence or Honour than *Impudence.* Now there are *good Caligula's* Creatures and Favorites, the Darlings of *His* heart, and his only true Friends, that are prepar'd to comfort and diſcountenance the *Plot*, and to *Hector* People out of their *Belief*, or their *Lives*: But let's hear their Leſſon. (*Aſide.*

*Tal.* You muſt take your Corporal Oaths, That this *Pertinax* was with you in Company in *Hungary*, the very time that he declar'd he was over Sea.

*Firſt*, Ay, the Devil taake me, but he was, I vill taake my Oath, by any Corporal in *Teagueland*, if my Collonel ſays ſo.

*Rem.* An obedient Rogue to his Officer this: and yet ſuch is the Iniquity of the preſent times, that the Duke do's not doubt to get a *Judge* to perſwade, and a Jury to believe ſuch an Evidence.

*Tal.*

*Tal.* I have ſeveral other points to inſtruct you in; but you muſt taake time to practice this firſt.

*Third*, By my Shalvaſhon dear Joy, I muſt have ſome great ting to ſwear againſt dis *Pertinax* : ara But who be dis Rogue dear Joy?

*Second*, Oh Hone! Oh Hone! a Rogue that do maake a great Swear againſt our Holy Shurch.

*Tall.* In the mean time here is ſome Money for you, and if you do your buſineſs well, the Duke will make you all Officers; you ſhall all have Commiſſions.

*Omnes.* By Chreeſht dear Joy, Saint *Patricks* Bleſſing be upon thy ſweet Faaſh. (*Exeunt three Evidences.*

*Tall.* Things run ſo ſmoothly, and with ſuch Succeſs,
Each project of our buſie Brain is Crown'd;
That it dos half perſwade me to believe,
That *Providence* has now eſpous'd our Cauſe :
What mayn't be hop'd from my moſt glorious Maſter,
Who with ſuch eaſe, and in ſo ſhort a time,
Has Maſter'd ſuch Strong-headed difficultys?
Has reconcil'd ſo many Contradictions;
That now tis next to Blaſphemy to queſtion
The power of doing, if he but undertake it!
With what dexterity did he Ingage
The Lady's to addreſs, and to procure
The diſſolution of the Sanhedrim?
A thing the Court thought no way Feaſible;
And though ſome buſie Factious heads are left,
Who yet pretend to rake the cover'd Embers;
Yet he is neither Ignorant, or unmindfull,
And waits a fit Occaſion to requite them:
He has laid his Snare, and has his game in View,
And ſomething more than humane skill muſt ſave them :
Bold *Ariſtander*, *Poliarchus*, *Timon*,
Will quickly Mourn their haſty Chriſtian Zeal;
And th' anger of a juſt enraged Prince :
Their *buſie Scruting*, and bold *Abhorrence*
Of what they call *our Plot*, *Conſpiracy*, &c.

Shall

Shall be return'd with ſuch *Dexterity*,
In their own *Words*, upon their *very ſelves*,
As ſhall compleat, and by their own Aſſiſtance,
All that our Wiſhes can ſuggeſt unto us.
Thus when the ſeveral Branches are cut down,
Under whoſe Shade the unthinking Crowd does Shelter;
Then to the Root we will our Axes lay,
Religion, Liberty, and Lives ſhall down,
Unleſs they'll Truckle to the **Triple Crown**.

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## ACT V. Scene I.

### *The Long Gallery at* Alba Regalis.

*Enter* Remarquo *ſtamping, and tearing his Hair.*

*Rem.* OH Treaſon! Treaſon! Villains, Rogues; Whether ſhall an Honeſt Man fly to ſecure himſelf? Hell never could match theſe curſed Pagans, theſe bloody Jebuſites, and more bloody *Caligula!*

*Enter* Nobbs *at the other Door.*

*N.* Why how now *Remarquo*; Thou art not afraid of me ſure? (Remarquo *ſees him, and flyes on one ſide to avoid him.*

*Rem.* Yes marry, and good reaſon. Stand off, Sir: I ſhall be brought in for the new Plot here, preſently. Come Sir, come, I'll have no Papers convey'd into my Pocket; [*He covers his Pockets cloſe.* No, not ſo much as the *Old Obſervator*. Look, look, the Villain has 'em ready in his Hand: If the Raſcal ſhould Forſwear himſelf now, and ſay he had them from me.

*N.* Piſh, prithee Man, never Fear; Thou doſt not look like a Plotter: Come, come, I'll Protect Thee; and egad, if thou art not ſatisfied, I'll Publiſh it in my *Weekly Paper*; and then ſee who'll be ſo bold as to contradict it: But the Truth on't is, there is a horrible Plot found out, carry'd on by the **Whiggs**, to deſtroy far

and near all that ever they could lay their hands to: Oh! they are terrible Fellows I'll warrant ye; the Pagan Plot was one of theirs, it was as like 'em as ever they could ſtare.

*Rem.* Good lack, Sir, I thought you had taken a great deal of pains to prove there was none: Your Memory fails you; or may be that which was but an *Embrio* then, is by this time grown to perfection.

*N.* Why this it is now to have a Man's Senſe thrown away, upon Ignorance and Heedleſneſs. I prov'd, Sir, 'Gad, and no body can gainſay it, That there was no Pagan Plotter; and now, Sir, I'll prove, that this and that are all one.

*Rem.* O' my Conſcience the Monkey has unluckily hit on the right of it; the ſame Heads made both. (*Aſide.*

But pray, Sir, what ſort of Perſons are they that have engaged in this new Plot, as you call it?

*N.* Why, between you and I, Sir, *every one that had the impudence to proſecute the old One:* And 'Gad, Sir, let me tell ye, it is but reaſonable; for the King and Duke have declar'd it ſhall be ſo.

*Rem.* And indeed I believe that's all the evidence they have to prove it. But pray, Sir, what Perſons are taken up about it? (*Aſide.*

*N.* Oh! a great many, you may be ſure; but the chief are Count *Ariſtander*, who is clapt in the *Great Tower*, together with the Lord *Poliarchus*, and *Timon*, 'Gad, whom I am very ſorry for; he is a **Brother of the Quill**, and, 'Gad, ſome ſharp things were found by him, ſo that he was committed among the reſt.

*Rem.* Againſt whom did he write, pray Sir? Did he name any one?

*N.* No, no; but the truth on't is, he wrote very ſcurrilouſly, that I muſt needs ſay, and upon a falſe Topick.

*Rem.* Yes, I heard he had the confidence to write, that Kings were made of the *ſame Fleſh and Blood* as other People; that they were ſubject to the ſame Infirmities as other Men; that Luſts, Paſſions, and Vices, were ſometimes predominant in them, as in others; and conſequently when any of them were ſo given over to all ſorts of Licentiouſneſs and bloody Tyranny, as to neglect the great End for which they were ſet over their People; and inſtead of protecting them in their Laws, Liberties, Religion, and Lives, they would endea-

endeavour wholly to ſubvert and deſtroy them; that then it was lawful for ſuch a People to take ſuch proper means as might reſtrain; and if that would not do, to reſiſt, and obtain that by force, which he would not in Juſtice grant: And all this as his private general Opinion of the Caſe, without the leaſt Reflection on the King or his Government.

*N.* Ay but, Sir, if the King *thought* it was, 'tis ſufficient for his Impriſonment and Condemnation.

*Rem.* Nay, he was not ſo wiſe as the *Fox in the Fable*, who meeting a Beaſt with a bunch in his Forehead, going to the Lion's Court, told him the King's Proclamation to forbid the acceſs of all horned Beaſts. But the Beaſt pleading his Bunch was no wiſe a Horn, the Fox warily caution'd him with your Queſtion, What if the King ſhould call it ſo? But all this while, Mr. *Nobbs*, this is **Arbitrary and Tyrannical**.

*N.* Udſlife, how came this Hobby-horſe with ſuch a weighty Objection? 'Gad I muſt pump hard to confute it in my next *Obſervator*; and 'Gad I'll do it, I'll warrant me. (*Aſide.*

*Remarquo*, This is dangerous Diſcourſe, let me tell you; but it ſhall go no farther, becauſe you are my Friend: But 'Gad I could give you ſuch an Anſwer to't, as ſhould make you ſtare.

*Rem.* I am willing to be inſtructed.

*N.* Ay but, Sir, I ſhall take my own opportunity, and ſo farewel. [*Ex.* Nobs.

*Rem.* He ſtill keeps to his old way of Anſwering, like a Dog when he lights of a very hard Bone, he ſmells to it, and lets it lie.

Ah, poor *Hungaria*! How endleſs are thy Sorrows!
To what yet cruel Fate art thou reſerved?
By what unheard-of ſtrange Abominations
Haſt thou provok'd theſe heavy Plagues and Judgments?
Thou haſt ſeen the Bulwark of thy Laws thrown down,
Thy Rights and lawful Liberties invaded:
Thou haſt ſeen thy faithful, pious, generous Sons
Expos'd to the rage of barbarous Aſſaſſins;
Others by cruel wily Arts betray'd,
And Victims made to a mock-ſeeming Juſtice.

Thou haſt ſeen thy King and Father careleſs ſtand
(*Like* Nero *harping o'er the Fire of* Rome)
Smiling and revelling in wanton Luſts,
Whilſt his inſatiate cruel-minded Brother,
Like the ſame *Nero*, blandiſheth his Sword,
Wiſhing, with him, that at one fatal blow
He might compleat his faithful Peoples ruine.
Wake, drowſie Monarch from thy Lethargy,
And ſhun the threatning Dangers that ſurround thee.
In vain we cry, in vain we do complain.
Unwilling and unable he to hear us.
Drench't in a Sea of Luſt and Sloth he lies,
Unable to recover till he dies.

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## ACT V. Scene II.

### *The Royal Nurſe.*

*Enter three* Citizens *and* Remarquo.

1. *Cit.* AY, Neighbour, that's true; but however I care not how many *Plots* there are, ſo there be *no Taxes.*

2. *Cit.* True; what care I if the Sanhedrim don't ſit theſe ſeven years. A murrain on 'em, they never come together but it coſts me as much Money as would maintain my Family a Month: 'Beſide, 'twonld be ill manners to pretend to love 'em, when the King ſo *ſolemnly hates 'em.*

3. *Cit.* Why, to be plain, Neighbour, I could be content to live without Taxes as well as any of you; but I fear we ſhall pay for it one day; as they ſay, the King is not made of Money, nor is he ſo very thrifty of that little he has, but that he muſt want in a little time; and then 'tis more than probable we muſt play over the ſecond part of the Tune call'd *Royal Aid*, or *Ship-Money*, or ſomething worſe. Come, come, Neighbour, the Sanhedrim have been very bountiful already, and there has been but very odd Accounts of the laying it out;

out; and now they are willing to keep their *Hands in their Pocket*, till they know what uſe their Money's to be put to.

*Rem.* A good honeſt ſort of a plain Fellow this, and not altogether inſenſible. [*Aſide.*

1. *Cit.* But, Neighbour, were Sanhedrims ordain'd for nothing but to find out ways *to give the King Money?*

3. *Cit.* Not for theſe *twenty years laſt paſt*, I think they have been of little uſe elſe.

*Rem.* He is in the right on't; for the King and his Brother being very wiſe good Men themſelves, did not *need their Advice in any thing elſe.*

2. *Cit* But what news have we got to day, Neighbour? What ſays that bawling *Nobs*, in his plauguy **Obſervator?**

*Enter* Country-man.

3. *Cit.* Why, he ſays there is a moſt horrible **New Plot**; and that there's above half the Kingdom concern'd in it.

*Rem.* Ay, and the better half every way; for there's hardly an *honeſt Man* in the Kingdom but will be brought into it. [*Aſide.*

3. *Cit.* Look, look! is not that Mr. **Trueman** of our Country, Neighbour? 'Tis he, I believe, juſt come to Town too; I'll ſpeak to him. Sir, I am glad too ſee you; How long have you been come?

*Count.* I am juſt alighted, *thank ye, good Country-man.* Well, how fares it with you? What good News ſtirring?

3. *Cit.* Why, truly nothing at preſent, but the old News of the **New Plot.**

*Count.* Is that all? I am glad of it indeed. I was in Company yeſterday-morning **near forty Miles** off, where it was confidently aſſerted, That Count *Ariſtander* had kill'd himſelf in the *Tower.*

*Rem.* Ha, ha! kill'd himſelf, quoth he, I wiſh I had a good Leaſe of his Life till that time.

2. *Cit.* How! kill'd himſelf! Pray, Sir, we had not a word of it here.

*Count.* Why only cut his own *Throat*, or ſo; Sir, that's all.

*Enter fourth* Citizen.

1. *Cit.* Neighbour *Gripewel*! Neighbour, come hither, I'll tell you ſome News. Ha, ha, cut his Throat, quoth he!

4. *Cit.* What news?

1. *Cit.* Why, this Gentleman heard in the Country yesterday, that Count *Aristander*, that **wise, temperate, pious Nobleman**, had kill'd himself; cut his own Throat, Mun; ha, ha, ha.

4. *Cit.* Yesterday? you mistake, Sir, it was to day.

*Count.* No, no, Sir, it was yesterday, and forty Miles off this place, so it was.

4. *Cit.* Why, I tell you it was impossible; it was this *very day*, and within these two hours.

*Rem.* What, Sir, you heard it within these two hours?

4. *Cit.* No, Sir, it was actually done within these two hours; *Aristander* cut his own Throat, Sir, within these two hours in the *Tower*, Sir; I came but just from thence.

*Omnes.* Heavens bless us! Is it true then?

4. *Cit.* He did it with a Razor, and with a good will too, for he has *almost cut his Head off*; and after he had done it, he steps to the Window, and throws out the Razor, that he might not be found *Felo de se.*

*Rem.* Oh! my misgiving Soul, how true a Prophet hast thou proved!

4. *Cit.* I can tell you farther, that the good *Lord Poliarchus* is upon his Trial found Guilty of High Treason.

*Rem.* Oh, good Heavens! *Murther! Murther!* plain design'd Murther! Oh, unmatch'd Villany! Oh, unspeakable cruelty! [*Aside.*

Whether shall Innocence or Vertue fly?
Where can they hope to find a safe Protection?
Where can the Needy and the Poor retire
From the vow'd rage of prosecuting Foes,
If thus the Great, the **Noble**, Pious, Good,
Fall, equally obnoxious to their Malice?
What Place? what Guard can be secure or safe,
If thus the Palace, Castle of the King,
Where sure inviolate as in his presence
All should remain, till thence by Law delivered)
Is made the *Den*, the *Trap*, the *Snare* for Murther?
Oh! ye Eternal, Just, Revenging, Powers!

If

If the loud Sins of this unhappy Nation,
Have thus brought down your Plagues and Judgments on us,
In Mercy now desist from farther ruine.
See how the heaps of slaughter'd Bodies lie,
The Monuments of your Almighty Justice!
Oh! now forgive and stay the slaughtering Angel,
That that thus with undistinguish'd rage pursues us.
*Our fainting Spirits now at last restore;*
*In pity let* Hungaria *bleed no more.* [*Ex.* Remarquo.

## ACT V. Scene III.

*The Vestry belonging to the* Jebusites *Chappel at St.* Jacques.

*The Scene opens, and discovers* Caligula; *his Confession.* *Two* Jebusites *and* Le Talbo *at Counsel; about the place hang Pistols, Daggers, Guns, Bow-strings, Halters, and all other Instruments of Death.*

*Cal.* WEll, *Holy Father*, what do's yet remain,
Which I with glad concurrence will not grant,
To render me our **Mothers worthy Son**?
Tell me, my wise Instructors; have not I
Shewn and drawn out in lively Characters,
A just assurance of your future Joys?
I think if *Loyala* himself were here,
And with impartial Judgment consider,
How strict I have been a Follower of his steps:
How to the life I've *copied his Original*:
How well digested and improv'd his Precepts,
I think, **grave Fathers**, he nor you could blush
To own and praise the merit of my Deeds.
*Cor.* Great Sir, believe it quite impossible
To find that Villain, that could dare deny
Th' *Mighty Wonders* of your glorious Life.
Truth, like the bright *Meridian Sun*, shines out,

And

And to the *gazing* wondring World, discovers
More Valour, Wisdom, in your single self,
Than **half Mankind** together else can claim:
In mighty Acts of War invincible,
In Peace superlatively Wise and Prudent.
But above all, great Sir, your holy Zeal,
(*Like the bright Moon amidst the twinkling Stars*)
Has, with such vast effectual Influence,
Scatter'd its golden Rays among your People,
That after-Ages will be at a stand
Where they shall fix your *highest Attribute*;
And doubt which most they should extol and praise,
Your *Courage*, *Wisdom*, or your *Piety*.

*Cal.* 'Tis true, I suck'd in with my Infant-Milk,
Which only with my Blood can be allay'd;
A flaming Zeal to *holy Mother-Church*.
And though all Art and Industry be try'd,
Whereby to right and raise our sinking Cause;
Yet while my Brother, whose soft timerous Nature
Delays and clips the Wings of all our Hopes,
While he dams up and clogs the easie passage,
To the wide Field of *Power and Liberty*,
I fear we toil in vain.

*Jeb. Our Holy Cannons*,
Great Sir, *declare it lawful and deserving*,
To lay aside *all Obstacles that seem*
A *Damage* or Dishonour to our Church;
And we can hardly doubt *Androgynes*,
If he be truly *Pagan*, as he owns,
Will grudge or scruple once to *step aside*,
Till by the means of his more active Brother,
Our dropping Cause revive.

2. *Jeb.* 'Tis not our Care
To search his Will, which great *Caligula*,
Convinc'd by our Advice and solid Reasons,
Declares his Pleasure in this weighty Case:
Our Duty bids us bow, and straight obey him.

*Cal.*

*Cal.* Our Holy Prophet knows, moſt Reverend Fathers, 'tis not *Ambition* prompts my eager Soul, thus to aſcend the Throne my Brother fills; Nor can it *Intereſt* be, ſince all the Kingdom, my Treaſures mount almoſt to Infinite; nor can the other Darling of ones Soul, *Revenge*, allure me to commit this Deed.

*Rem.* Why, when he ſpeaks thus, he certainly pretends to banter us. Udſlife, ſure he would not mock us: Not Ambition, quoth he! No, not *Ambition* by any means; though he could diſpence with, and intreigue and endeavour to ſupplant his Brother, before he enjoy'd his Crown: But that's all one; he does but blandiſh our own Weapons; and we'll give him leave to talk, ſo we get but our Ends of him. And then again, 'Tis not Intereſt: Ha, ha, ha; I'll vow he makes me laugh: No, not Intereſt? though by *Traffick* and *Merchandiſing*, by the beſt Places of Profit, and by cheating his Brother, he has ſcrap'd up half the Money of the Kingdom, for this very Uſe and Deſign: And then for Revenge, ſince I am never like to be his Enemy, and conſequently not liable to it, I'll not trouble my ſelf much with it; though by the bye, I could inſtance in a *Cloud of Witneſſes*, to hear Teſtimony of his *calm forgiving Nature.*

*Cal.* 'Tis only, Reverend Sirs, a Pious Zeal
To propagate, or reinduce, with ſpeed,
Thoſe Holy Principles, that Glowing Faith,
Which warm'd the the Souls of our Wiſe Primitive Fathers.

*Cor.* Deſigns ſo Pious, ought to be encouraged,
And prompted with the Hopes of vaſt Rewards;
Maſſes, Indulgences, and Diſpenſations
Shall Crown your Work, even to Infinity;
Our Prayers ſhall all, Unanimous, be ſent
To our moſt *Holy Prophet, and his Mother*,
For Succeſs here, and joy t'your Soul hereafter.
But ſay, Great Sir, When will your Generous Soul,
Spare **a few Minutes** for ſo Great a Work.

*Cal.* To Morrow Night he does deſign to Revel,
And Sup with Count *d' Arlin*, and my ſelf:
I have agreed *le Talbo* ſhall be there,
And help to Adminiſter, and ſerve at Table:
And when his Heart is *warm with Love and Wine*;
His Fancy tickled with Delight and Pleaſure;
When with his Praiſes we have fill'd his Thoughts,
And lull'd his Reaſon quite beyond ſuſpicion;
**Then**, Holy Fathers, **then**, the Minute bleſt,
Which by his Loſs reſtores our Joys forever.
*This* is the *manner*, *that* the appointed time;
*Fly Lazy Minutes, prompt on the Lazy Sun;*
*Sick with delay, I faint 'till it be done.* (*Exeunt Omnes.*

## ACT V. Scene IV.

*Scene* St. Jacques.

*Enter King* Solus.

*K.* WHO waits there? Enter Waiter. Where is *Erona*?

*Wa.* May it please your Majesty, she waits the Dutchess's coming in the *Antichamber*: You both carping *Damon*'s *Funeral*. Call her, and let me hear it. [*Exit Waiter.*

*K.* Methinks a strange unusual Melancholy, [*Erona and the Waiter appear within the Scenes; they Sing to soft Musick of Flutes, Lutes, and Base Viols.*

Has of a sudden seized my Flagging Spirits:
Avert all ill, you Powers!

*Enter* Caligula, *Count* D'Arlin, *Le* Talbo.

[*The King points to them to sit and still while the Song is singing.*

SONG.

*Phil.* MUST we part?
Stay, stay, dear heart;
Stay but one poor hour or two:
Sure there's more than that, to Love and Friendship due.

*Da.* Though theres Musick in thy Tongue,
And every Word's a well-tun'd Song;
Though thy Tears can more perswade,
Than Prayers by dying Martyrs made;
Yet they cannot Fate re-call;
Tears, with Death, cannot prevail.

*Phil.* Shall rude Death then me bereave
Of my Love's Prerogative?
Stay, dear heart, Love bids thee stay.

*Da.* But Fate, hard fate, commands away.

*Phil.* How shall I, alas! Survive,
When for thee alone I live;
When thy Life and Beauty's dead,
Love and Grief, Love and Grief,
Shall quickly strike me Dead.

Corus. *Come then, let's leave this World together.*
*And mount those blest Abodes;*
*Where we'll be Lords o're Death and Fate,*
*And equal to the Gods.*

*K.*

*K.* 'Tis a good Melancholly Humour; Is it not Brother?

*Cal.* Sir, I am no admirer of dull, heavy, Love-Songs; I am for the noise of *Drums and Trumpets, and Shrieks of Conquer'd Enemys*: I hope to see him make me a little such Musick by and by: This Song might serve for an *Epitaph*; I wonder how the Devil he came to hit on this unluckly Humour! I hope he has no dying thoughts of a sudden, that may spoil our design [*Aside*] It grows pretty late; I wish your Majesty would honour us with your Company at Supper.

*K.* Ay, come lead on. (*They retire within the Scenes, which open, and discover a Table*

*Cal.* Le *Talbo*, thou must wait; the rest retire: *spread*, &c. *They sit down.*

Some Wine Le *Talbo*. [*Exeunt Attendants.* (*They fall on Eating.*

Sir I be bold to Whisper; *Long last* Corinna's *Charms.*

*K.* Come with all my heart; I love the *little Jade* strangely: She has some little *Pouting* looks, that take me very much.

*Cal.* I have that will *take him more*: Come fill to *D' Arlin.*

*D' Ar.* Your Highness is in a very pleasant humour; I Cogratulate it: Has your Highness any extraordinary Occasion for it?

*Cal.* Why verily, *D' Arlin*, that which revives all Mankind [*He Whispers the King*] *The braveſt Bona, Roba, Fresh and Plump, Fine and Gay.* Your Majesty will give me leave to part in time, for the Minute draws near.

*Le Tal.* For his Destruction. *K.* Prithee, *Caligula*; thou hast put me a gadding too. *Le Talbo*, get me *Chocolate* before I part. *Cal.* Fortune still waits upon me! Why he thrusts himself upon it, without my Advice or Assistance. Well, I may say my *Conscience* is clear. (*Aside.*) Come, *D' Arlin*, thou hast a sweet Tooth left, a ticklish Vain doubtless [*Aside.* (Le Talbo *gives Chocolate*

*K.* 'Tis well made; and a good taste. *to the* King *and* D' Arlin.

D' Ar. *turns his Face about and makes wry Faces as if he was sick.* (They drink.

*D' Ar.* Well, I'll straight be ready to go. [*He pulls out Pen and Ink and writes*

*Cal.* I'll warrant thee ready to Dye presently. (*Aside.*

*D' Ar.* What strange dizzyness is this that o're whelms my Brain! My Spirits sink and throb about my Heart: Heaven keep us from Treachery: I'll give the King a hint, Heavens preserve him, and I care not. (*He Writes.*

*Le Talbo.* It works too soon, I fear (*Aside to* Cal.

*Cal.* Never fear; if he fall now, there's his *Old* (*The King seems to*

*Distemper* will bear the worst can be said; *sit uneasie.*

he has been us'd to an *Apoplexy*, and this will symbolize with it. (*Aside.*

*D' Arlin* (*rising.*) I must take my leave of your Majesty, while I send this Note.

*K.* No, ſtay 'till we all go. (*King pulls to make* d' Arlin *ſtay*;
*D.* Read this, Great Sir! I have juſt *and in the mean time, he ſlips*
Life enough to wiſh you ſafe. (*Aſide.*) *Ex.* d' Ar. *the Letter into the King's hand, unſeen.*

*The King turns to the Window with the Letter, and while he Reads, he Faints back, and falls without ſpeaking.*

*Le Tal.* (*running*) Heavens ſave the King!

*Cal.* Save him! What doſt mean? His Life? If thou wer't another Brother, thou ſhould'ſt pay for that Word, if he ſhould recover; I'll not have ſo much as one good Wiſh, **during my Reign**, which I reckon is well begun. Here, make a noiſe, and Alarm the Court! We muſt have the *Formality of Mourning*. Well, Is not this an eaſie way of obtaining a Kingdom?

*He, whoſe aſpiring Heart to Empire bears,*
*Should baniſh firſt all empty Doubts and Fears;*
*Never conſider, ſo he can obtain,*
*The Care, the Crime, the Danger, but the Gain.*

*The End of the Fifth Act.* *The Scence cloſeth, and* Exeunt omnes.

# FINIS.

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